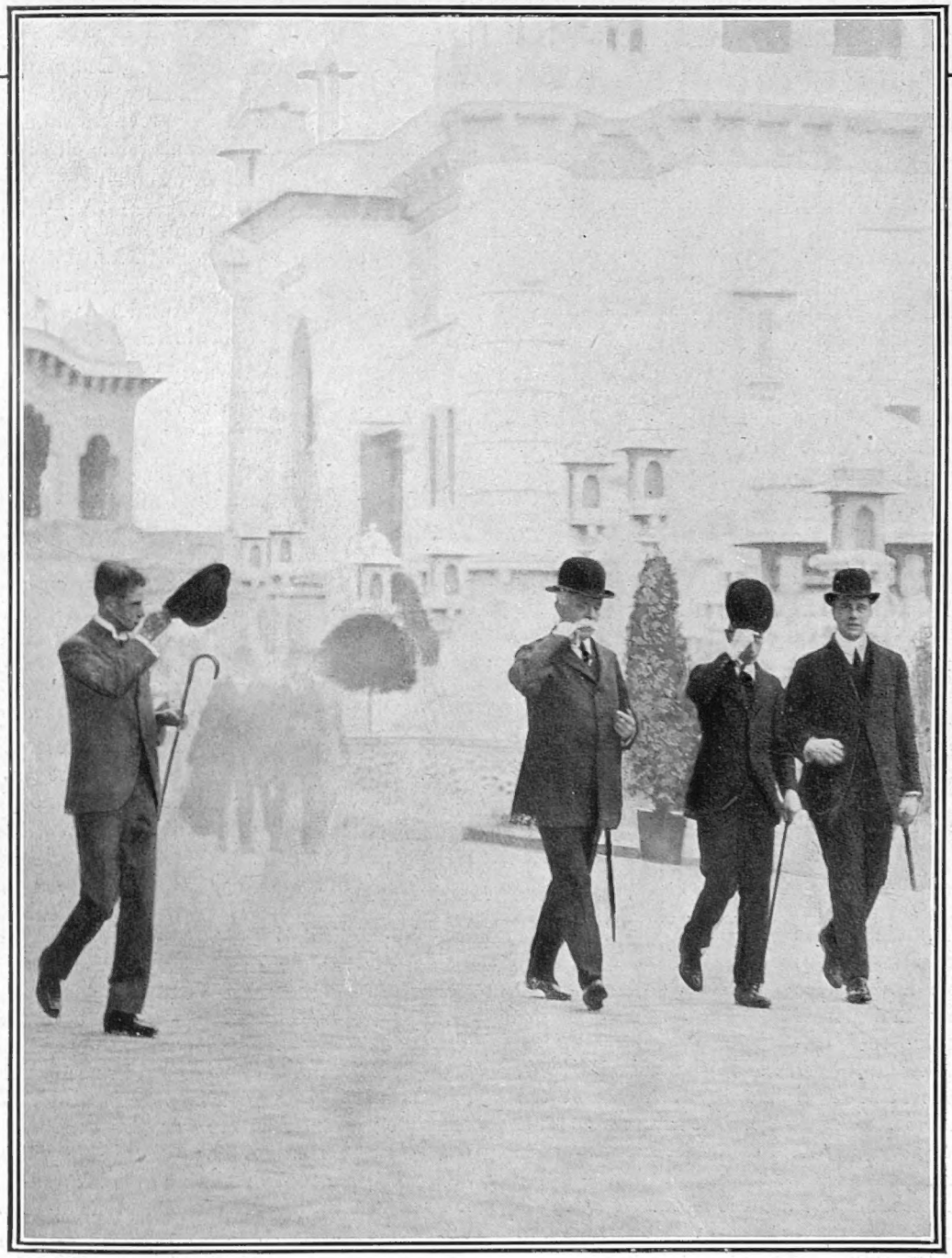
Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

Art Literature & the Drama.

The BYSTANDER

No. 455.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 21, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PRINCE ALBERT

ROYAL ENJOYMENT OF LONDON IN AUGUST

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert paid a surprise visit to the White City last Thursday afternoon, when their Royal Highnesses' spirits appeared not in the least affected by the fictitious dulness of London in August. The young Princes are here shown in the Exhibition grounds acknowledging the salute of the bystanders

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

The Great Bubble

LONDON in August! What horrors it suggests to him who has never been there! Empty streets, deserted restaurants, dismal theatres, a whole town given over to the ravages of the lower middle classes, not to speak of indefatigable Americans! Yet, to some extent, the whole legend of the "impossibility" of London in August is a vast bubble blown for the satisfaction of a few hundred people who have persuaded themselves, and a considerable portion of a gullible public, that they alone matter. There is, forsooth, nobody in London, because Lady Smith and the Duchess of Tooting, and those gallant cavaliers, Baron Trinkgeld and Captain the Hon. "Billy" Jones happen to be staying in one another's houses elsewhere. And the government of the country, and the big businesses! Of course, there is nobody there to look after unconsidered trifles like these! They just go on, as if by magic; directed by telephone, I suppose, during a dummy-hand at bridge, or in the intervals, none too rare this summer, when cricket has to be stopped owing to the rain!

***

A True Story

INDEED, in some quarters the glorious bubble has become so imposing that people would suffer real discomfort rather than burst it. Not only in England, either. I remember a story which went the round of Paris a few years ago. The heroes were some well-known *parvenus*, whose one ambition was to be considered the smartest of the smart. Fate—in the form of an infectious disease, if I remember rightly—kept them in town during August. The shame was more than they could bear. Taking as their motto, "darkness rather than dishonour," they put up their shutters, bolted their front door, and announced to their friends that they had gone for a rest-cure to the wilds of somewhere or other. I know quite a few people like that, only they are not so resolutely logical, perhaps because they are English instead of French. The spirit is willing enough but the flesh is weak.

THE LATEST PEKIN MODEL

China: "Me muchee plefer Blitish fashion, lookee plenty peaceful, alle same a nice lefleshing barbarism look"

(Foreign Powers are somewhat exercised in their minds lest the influence of Dr. Morrison should give a British colour to Chinese policy)

(By E. T. Reed)

***

The Bubble Pricked

IT is just this bubble that the Assistant-Bystander has set himself out to prick. Left in a position of rollicking irresponsibility by the Editor's obstinate attachment to the prevalent tradition, he has run about the City, grinning like the Psalmist's dog, and every bit as pleased with himself. For really London is delightful, particularly in the August of 1912. Seated by my own comfortable fire, with the rain beating on the window-pane, I can philosophise over the curious madness that has led my friends to shiver by the seaside; to pursue with the utmost discomfort that seasonable bird which one can buy so easily at the nearest poulterer; above all, to eat that execrable food with which Providence has saddled our "pleasure-resorts," presumably to prove yet once more that there can be no pleasure without pain.

***

When it is Fine

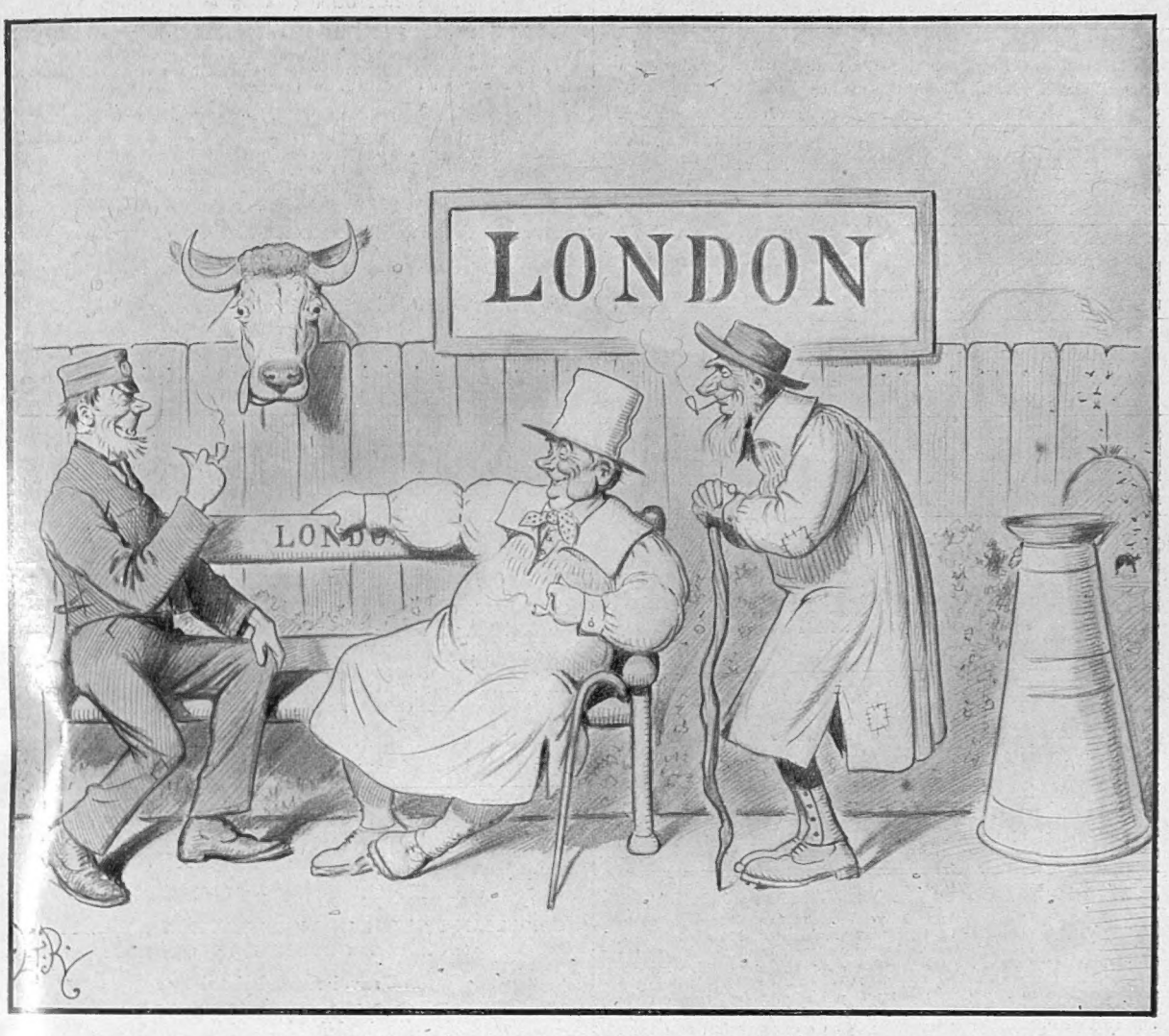
AND if by some strange chance the rain stops and the wind ceases to blow like a hurricane, I can go to the White City and watch the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert on the Mountain Railway, or to Earl's Court and there contemplate "beautiful gowns worn by beautiful Parisiennes," not to mention the possibility of giving vent to all my bad temper by "helping to break up the happy home." I have all the delights of holidays and all the comforts of home. What more can man want?

***

When it is Wet

AND even if it is wet, there are always the Promenade Concerts—which may be rather dull but are certainly no duller than the programmes of the Hereford or Worcester Festivals—

A Very Rural London



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—HAD THINGS WORKED OUT A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY

BY E. T REED

and a wilderness of Picture Galleries. For instance, how many Londoners ever find time to drop in at the National Gallery as often as I have done during this week? Yet the National Gallery is at least as good as the Florentine Galleries and better than the Louvre, though people spend much to go and see them. Even the exhibition of Bakst's designs, primarily intended to appeal to the fashionable, is still open. And the British Museum actually chooses this time to begin issuing picture postcards! What could be more significant?

***

The Theatres

As for the theatres, I am informed on good authority that they have not done so well during the whole summer! Certainly the Empire was crammed to overflowing last Saturday; and *Ready Money*, produced at the New Theatre last week, looks like settling down to a big success. For Mr. Allan Aynesworth, like THE BYSTANDER, has dared to throw down the gauntlet to fashion, and deserves his reward. It is also curious to note that what are probably the two best plays seen in London this year are still running merrily. *Tout-Londres* may be absent, but all London seems to be very much there. I cannot help feeling that if some manager could run a summer season of repertory at low prices he would soon settle the question of the emptiness of London in August once and for all. Indeed, if anyone wants to be convinced how inapposite a real "holiday turn" appears this year he need only go and see Miss Annette Kellermann at the Palace. Obviously the whole thing is designed to catch what managers consider to be the August public. There are a lot of little girls who dance in a manner calculated to appeal to the taste of ten years ago, "pretty-pretty" scenery, and a real tank of water. Miss Kellermann herself (when she does not dance) is delightful, whether in black or white *maillot*. But it is all so cool, so terribly holiday-fied! By its insistence on this point it supplied the last touch necessary to prove that London in August is . . . just like London at any other time.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" ROBERT HALE, IVY ST. HELIER, FARREN SOUTAR, etc. BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS, THE THREEE RUBES, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALLIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production, "GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts. English Libretto by Basil Hood. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. Mat., Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN."
A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S production.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production,
"THE SUNSHINE GIRL,"
a Musical Play in Two Acts. Box Office open 10 to 10.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
ELLALINE TERRISS AND SEYMOUR HICKS IN "THE SLUM ANGEL," T. KOSLOFF in "SCHEHERAZADE," EDWARD D. VIES, and Star Co. 6d. to 7s. 6d. 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8.
LA BISCAJESA, CLARICE MAYNE, PIPIFAX and PANLO, WALTER KELLY, GERALD O'BRIEN, YORKE & ADAMS, and Star Co. 1s. to £4 4s. 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
Always the Best Entertainment in London.
Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10.
Matinées, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.
Lalla Selbini, Joe Elvin, Will Evans, Elsie Southgate, Poluskis, Guy and Graham, Ethel Loftus, Leslie & Stevens, Hugh J. Emmett, Arthur Reece, Alice Pierce, etc., etc.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY
GREAT IRISH HORSE SHOW,
AUGUST 27, 28, 29, 30.

The Largest Show of Hunters in the World. Thoroughbreds and Harness Horses. Naval and Military Jumping Competition.

For Illustrated Programme apply to the AGRICULTURAL SUPERINTENDENT, Leinster House, DUBLIN.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 20th day of August, 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 28th day of August, 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature .....

Subscribers paying yearly or half yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,
36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive "The Bystander" post free and are insured as above.

TRAVEL.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

From LONDON (*Calling at LEITH).

***Norway, Copenhagen, &c., Aug. 28—13 Days.**

Besides the Sogne Fjord, Bergen, and the Hardanger, this Cruise by the "MANTUA" (11,500 tons) will include a visit to Christiania, and a stay of two days at Copenhagen.

Dalmatia, Venice, &c., Sept. 6—29 Days.

A Cruise by the "VECTIS" (6,000 tons) along the Dalmatian Coast in September, will show this delightful country in its most charming aspect. The Cruise includes calls at Cattaro and Klek Bay, whence Cettinje and Mostar, the respective capitals of Montenegro and Herzegovina, may be visited.

Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madiera, Sept. 12—19 Days.

The "MANTUA'S" Atlantic Cruise in September offers unique attractions for those who voyage for pleasure. Write for Programme.

FARES from about £1 a Day.

Illustrated Programme and Plans of the Ships on application as below.

P & O Co. { Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } **London.**

P & O Programme Post Free.

R.M.S.P.
YACHTING CRUISES DE LUXE. 1912.

By Ocean Yachting Steamer
"ARCADIAN"

Twin-screw 8,939 tons. All cabins fitted with Bedsteads instead of Berths. Promenade Deck full length of Vessel. Electric Fans in all Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swimming Bath. Gymnasium. No Cargo carried.

To BALTIC and MEDITERRANEAN

Cr. 6. BALTIC & RUSSIA	24 Aug	24 days
Cr. 7 PENINSULA MOROCCO & MARSEILLES	28 Sept	10 days
Most luxurious & interesting Route to the RIVIERA		
Cr. 8. HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days

From Grimsby, Southampton, & Marseilles.
From £1 a Day. Illustrated Booklets from
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.
London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOLIDAYS IN CANADA.

HUNTING. FISHING.
CAMPING. CANOEING.

CANADIAN NORTHERN LINES TRAVERSE THE FINEST SPORTING GROUNDS IN CANADA.

Travel from Bristol by
ROYAL LINE
FASTEST STEAMERS.

For full particulars, Sailing dates, Fares, etc., apply Head Offices: Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C. Ticket Offices: Baltic House, 27, Leadenhall Street, E.C., 21, Charing Cross, S.W., 65, Haymarket, S.W., London; 65, Baldwin Street, Bristol; Chapel Street, Liverpool; 141, Corporation Street, Birmingham; 125, Hope Street, Glasgow; 1 bis rue Scribe, Paris.

HOTELS.

GLENBURN

HOTEL-HYDROPATHIC, ROTHESAY, BUTE.

MARINE SCENERY, and STEAMBOAT SAILING Unsurpassed. Modern House and Beautiful Grounds. 18-Hole Golf Course. Terms, including all Baths, from £2 19s. 6d. per Week.

Apply MANAGERESS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

	Per Annum. At Home.	Canada	Elsewhere. Abroad.
"The Graphic" .. .. .. (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	32/-	36/6
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	52/-	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" (weekly part 6 Nos.)	43/6	34/8	45/6
"The Bystander"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher "The Graphic" Office, Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35 Rue Lafayette.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Grouse and the "Cure"

Grouse Wha Hae

WHEN, on the evening of the Twelfth, you had finished picking the bones of your first grouse, it may have occurred to you to reflect on the capacity of that remarkable bird for setting the ordinary limitations of time and space at defiance. Immune until the dawn of the Twelfth, by the evening of that day it figures, literally in its thousands, on the bill of fare of every West End hotel, and arrives at every self-respecting club in time for dinner. The southward flight of the grouse on the Twelfth is, when you come to think of it, one of the most remarkable phenomena in ornithology, for however great the demand, the supply (at a price) seems equal to it. The Yorkshire and Lancashire moors are, no doubt, within steaming distance of London, but, setting aside dark tales of cold storage, some of the birds must have hailed from across the Border. It is, for example, on record that on the evening of the Twelfth the Queen at Buckingham Palace supped on grouse from the moors round Balmoral. So, for the matter of that, did every other member of the Royal family, whose name by custom and tradition is on the game-list of the Castle.

***

The Quick Lunch

UNDER the new *régime*, elaborate shooting luncheons, beginning with *hors d'œuvres* and working through three or four hot *entrées* to the savoury, which used to be the fashion a year or so ago, are likely to be a good deal simplified at Royal shooting-parties, partly because His Majesty's personal tastes are simple — also because he is far too keen on the business of the day to care to waste much time over lunch. At one of the shooting-parties last year His Majesty, arriving rather late at the tent where an elaborate repast had been prepared, remarked to his hostess that outside he had noticed a particularly savoury smell, which had strongly commended itself to him. On inquiry it proved to have emanated from a "hot-pot" prepared for the keepers and the beaters, and on this he lunched to his great satisfaction. All said and done, it appeals to one as a more appropriate repast for a sportsman than a succession of kickshaws.

***

"Home-Cured"

GLANCING at the list of visitors at what the advertisement agent, with a pretty turn for alliteration, is fond of calling our homeland health-resorts—Buxton (where Princess Victoria has been recruiting), Harrogate (where the American Ambassador and Mrs. Reid are taking their "cure" this year), Felixstowe (where ex-King Manoel is for the moment beguiling exile by "pinning medals to the breasts of firemen")—one cannot help being struck by the number of people, accustomed hitherto to stampede for foreign spas immediately after Goodwood, who are now being "home-cured." It almost looks as if the tide of fashion were on the turn. Commercially speaking, this is all to the good, of course. So

(Continued on page 374)

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE

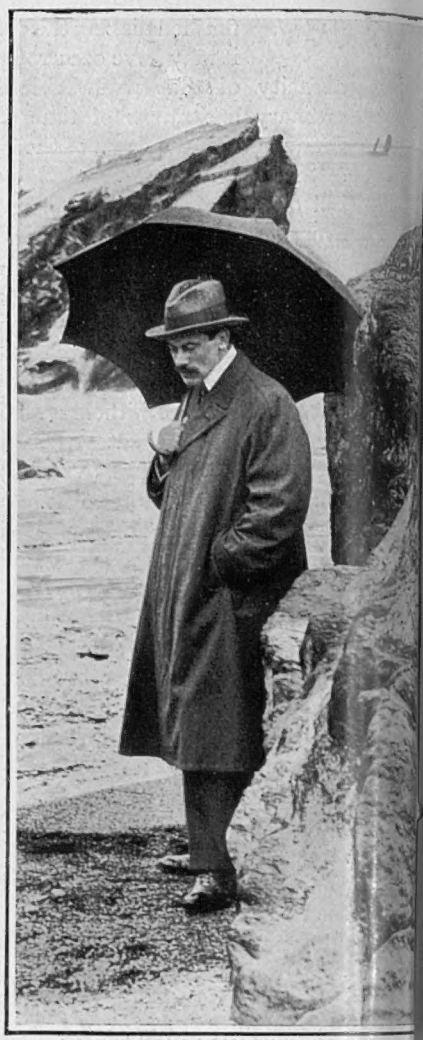
Who has been wise enough to spend, at any rate, a part of August in London. Lady Maidstone is a daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, and was married to Viscount Maidstone, son and heir of the Earl of Winchelsea, in 1910

Why Spend August at the Seaside

PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING BO

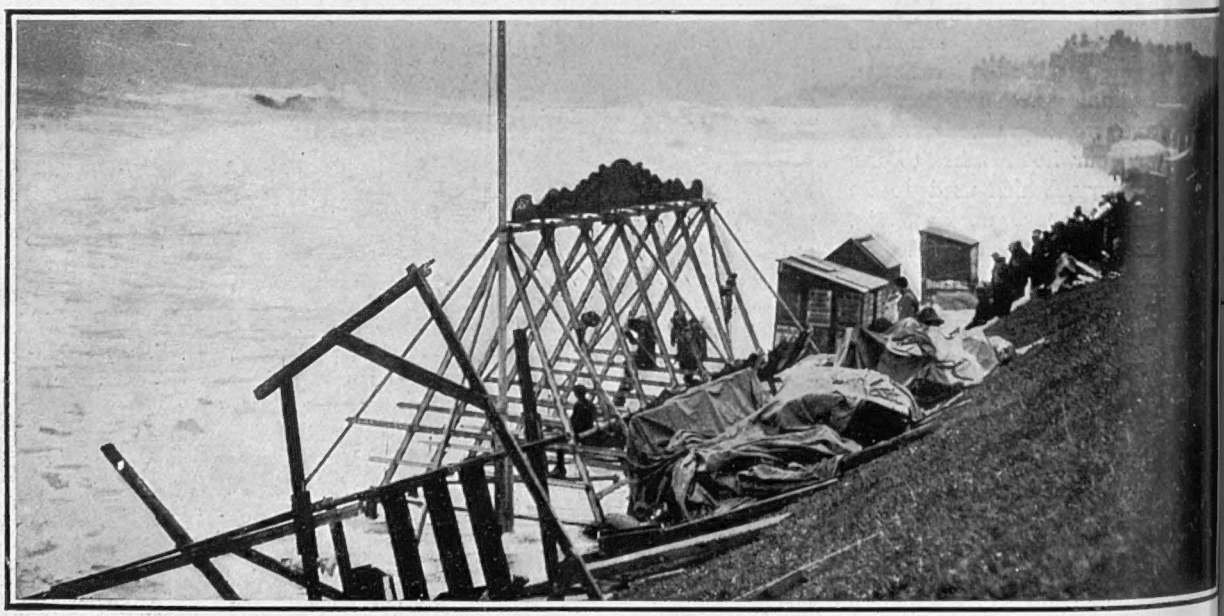
SCARBOROUGH: THE QUEEN OF WATERING PLACES

Two views of the popular esplanade where thousands delight to take the Air—and Water
(Splendid facilities for reaching home)



SUNNY ILFRACOMBE

Recommended for its sheltered nooks and restful sce
(Fast trains back to London every few hours)



THE SEASON IN "FULL SWING" AT WHITBY

Famous for the wide expanse of its beach—when the sea is gracious enough to permit there being one at all
(Two means of escape provided by two of our leading railway companies)

TYPICAL SCENES AT OUR LEADING PLEASURE RESORTS

With So Many Attractions in Town?

SIDES OF THE QUESTION

NOT A SEWER

A cool and shady beauty-spot for those who seek to escape from the glare and glitter of town life: the new Thames Tunnel at Woolwich, which is shortly to be opened

NOT THE RESULT OF THE LABOUR TROUBLES

An attractive alternative for those unable to visit Vesuvius this year: a comparatively mild eruption in Jermyn Street

NOT A LIGHT RAILWAY FROM THE GAS WORKS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

An entrancing study for those interested in engineering: the scene of the latest attempt on the part of the L.C.C. to beautify London by the construction of a new embankment with gardens

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR GEORGE'S LIMEHOUSE CORDIAL

A pretty picture for those who are still awaiting some "rare and refreshing fruit": the poster issued by our very motherly Government to popularise the Insurance Act

A FEW OF LONDON'S LATEST ATTRACTIONS

The Passing of Massenet

far as the therapeutic properties of their waters are concerned, there probably is not a pin to choose between Harrogate and Carlsbad, or Buxton and Bad Nauheim. If our English watering-places can (weather permitting) cultivate their social amenities to the same extent as their Continental rivals there is no reason why they should bewail the neglect of their claims on the part of wealthy and leisured visitors. And this year most of these places seem to have every prospect of a prosperous season—even this year!

* * *

Deutschland Über Alles

THEIR Majesties' predilection for spending their holidays in their own country has, no doubt, a good deal to do with this trend of the fashion, for in these matters Society (with a capital S) is very sheep-like. Another reason, perhaps, is that the English immigrants no longer rule the roost at Continental health-resorts to the same extent as formerly. A friend assured me recently that "Homburg was getting a jolly side too full of Germans." Truly, the prophet is still without honour in his own country.

* * *

Massenet Considered

MASSENET, who died last week, was always a composer more popular with the public than with musicians. He was none the less an interesting personality, representing, perhaps, as completely as possible a typical and not very glorious aspect of French music. Indeed, he was a very good example of how much environment can affect natural gifts for better or for worse. For Massenet undoubtedly possessed a touch of genius—only he studied composition under masters like Ambroise Thomas and the like. Had he been born and trained fifty years later, when M. Saint-Säens, on the one hand, and the modern French school of composers on the other, had brought back classical traditions and a sense of æstheticism to French music, he might well have proved a composer of the first rank. As it was, he followed the easiest path and wrote innumerable operas, none, perhaps, as good as *Faust*, none, certainly, as bad as *Mignon*.

Photograph *Bert*

THE LATE M. MASSENET

M. Jules Massenet, who died last week, was, perhaps, the most popular of French musicians. He is best known as a composer of operas, but several of his songs are quite charming, and very typical of his talent

* * *

Unfair Criticism

THEY have never been popular in England, probably because their terrible sentimentality and their erotic religiosity are so much opposed to the kind of sentimentality and religiosity prevalent in this country. And for this reason Massenet has always remained a sealed book to English musicians. A French correspondent writes to say that "the critics praised all the wrong parts of *Don Quichotte*, misunderstood *Werther*, and thought they were being kind to Massenet." Perhaps. For my part I am content to protest against the remarkable statement that appeared in one of the evening papers to the effect that Massenet was a writer of musical comedies. If ever there was a typical writer of grand opera that man was Massenet. The remark would be far truer of Gounod, whose *Faust*, judged from the standards of Opera-Comique and not of Goethe, is little less than a masterpiece. But the composer of *Hérodiade*, *Thais*, and the rest! It is absurd.

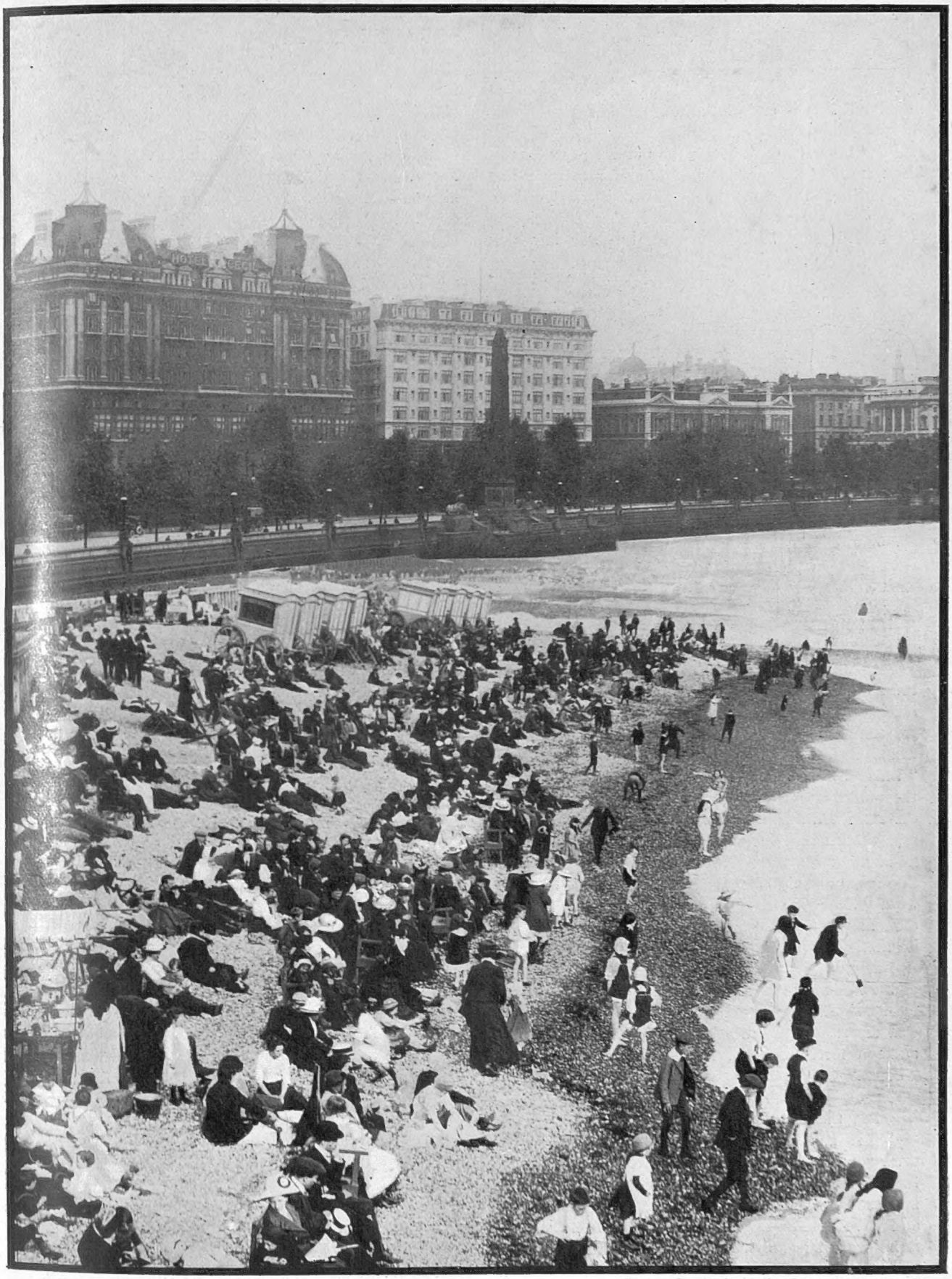
* * *

His Merits

NEVERTHELESS, his less pretentious works are probably his best. *Manon* has been described as "the most satisfactory Opera-Comique since *Carmen*," and I have a very warm corner in my heart for *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, with its human charm and clever, yet simple, music. It was the one opera of his that, given a good English translation, might have become really popular in England. Performed in theatres twice too big for its intimate character and in a language unintelligible to the majority of the audience, it never had a chance of success. For to appreciate *Le Jongleur* one has to follow every detail of music as well as story—which, by the bye, some people, in their desire to reproach Massenet for his appeal to the lachrymose, forget to ascribe to Anatole France, an author who has certainly nothing in common with the onion.

L.C.C. Please Note

A PHOTOGRAPHIC SUGGESTION WHEREBY LONDONERS MAY ENJOY SEASIDE PLEASURES IN TOWN



From a Special Bystander Composite Photograph

Our photographer has ingeniously contrived to suggest how delightful it would be could we but enjoy the pleasures of a holiday and the comforts of home at one and the same time. For instance, if London were only provided with a real beach! When it was hot we could play "Margate" to our hearts' content. When it was cold we could dispense with the discomforts of lodging-houses and the extortions of hotels. This year, however, we are quite happy to plump for the latter alternative—exclusively. Coals threaten to become so expensive at summer prices!

TWO AT THE ZOO

BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW

THE Zoo is one of the few London institutions that have failed to move with the times. To begin with, although the public's name for the Regent's Park Menagerie has been for many years "The Zoo," the Management still insist on labelling it in their announcements "The Zöological Society's Gardens." Any intelligent foreigner going into the

Park for the Zoo would never recognise it under its official title, and would probably drift on to the British Museum instead. The Zoo people might take a hint from an up-to-date modern enterprise. When the "Baker Street and Waterloo" Railway was opened the public at once dubbed it the "Bakerloo." The Company had the intelligence to adopt the public view, and the English language became enriched by the addition of the word "Bakerloo" accordingly. The Zöclogical Society have the added advantage that the word "Zoo" is already incorporated in our standard dictionaries, and the Society that is going to devote its lifetime to convincing the British public that the two first consonants in "Zöology" do not form part of the same syllable, will be merely devoting its time to a pathetically wasted effort. You might just as well try to convince the public that everyone cannot make a fortune out of horse-racing or the copper "boom."

When the management of a popular menagerie is so indifferent to public opinion, it is not surprising to find the animals themselves neglected as far as instruction in good manners is concerned. There is the camel, for instance, that walks about the grounds and gives rides to children. The camel has an impudently supercilious air that is quite unjustified by its record. Perhaps it is because it has a neck which seems to have been specially designed to enable it to turn its nose up at people. As Mr. Morrow and I were strolling through the grounds a camel that was walking near deliberately brushed past me and pushed me on one side. I should have made a personal matter of it, only, with these ill-bred creatures you never know when they are going to lose their manners and hit you back again. I could not remember whether a camel bites, or kicks, or merely butts—and you want to have your geography well in mind when you are tackling wild animals. I see by the catalogue that this creature is referred to as the "common" camel. I guessed from the first that it was a low-class creature. I observe that it is supposed to be remarkable because it has only one hump. I do not know how it is with other people, but I have always found one hump at a time quite enough to go on with.

Apart from their bad manners, the fault with the majority of the animals is their deplorable lack of anything in the way of a sense of humour. They must be perfectly well aware of the fact that in these modern days they are quite obsolete creatures, and are only being kept as objects of charity; and yet they strut about the place as if they had bought it. There are the llamas, for instance. If a llama could see itself in the looking-glass I should think it would want either to laugh or to cry. As we walked up to the llamas' enclosure a couple of the creatures stalked past us with their noses in the air as if they did not propose to take any notice of such inferior people as ourselves. I should like the Zoo people to understand that I, for one, cannot allow myself to be snubbed by a mere llama. After all, what are the llamas?

Even assuming that the double L of their name entitles them to claim that they are of the same nationality as our Welsh dictator, I decline absolutely to regard them as social equals. They seem to have begun life as sheep, and then, having become prosperous, developed bigger bodies till they got to be the size of

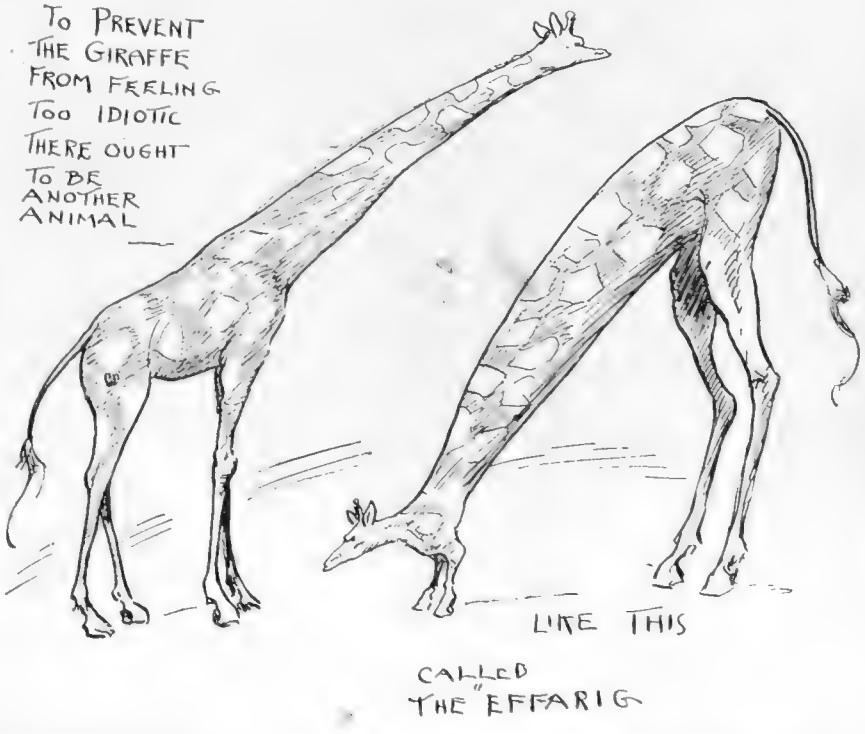
small horses. After that, still obsessed by a ridiculous ambition, they began to grow necks like camels; but, as Shakespeare very properly remarks, vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself every time, and when the llamas as a final effort succeeded in growing

ong ears like donkeys, they gave themselves away mpletely. I daresay, if the truth were known, llama" is only the French for jackass, and that ows you what inferior creatures they are.

Now and again, it is true, you do meet an animal h a sense of humour. There is the young elephant seal, for instance. It has neither arms nor legs; and when it wants to assume an erect posture it has to swing itself backwards and sit upon its tail. It seems to be able to perform this very athletic feat successfully at every attempt—the result, doubtless, of long practice. I mean, when you are a ridiculous creature like an elephant seal you can have very little else to do except practise sitting up on your tail all day long; and, as we know, practice makes perfect. The redeeming feature of the elephant seal is that it realises philosophically that it is only a freak. It sits on its tail and smiles genially at the crowd as if it feels that the great compensation for being an absurd anomaly of that kind is that a clear sense of humour goes with it. As we stood and acknowledged its playful smile, it seemed to me to be saying to us, for Mr. Morrow's especial benefit, that when you are an inferior person there is nothing like having the grace to acknowledge it.

It is not for me to question the competence of the Zöological Society, but I may mention the case of the Barbary wild sheep as an instance of confused definition. This animal is classed as a sheep; but the Zoo people admit that it is more nearly allied to the goat family. I should have thought myself that the ability to distinguish the sheep from the goats must be one of the rudiments of the menagerie business, just as it is in every other enterprise. I say nothing, of course, about the monkeys, because this is a polite journal; but the blue-faced mandril, one of the ape tribe, calls for a little comment. This creature's face looks as if it were slowly recovering from a very straight blow between the eyes from an expert puncher, though, of course, the decoration is a perfectly natural one. Curiously enough, however, I find in the catalogue a statement to the effect that the mandril's huge teeth are not used for mastication, but only for—fighting! Now, as the Zoo people are supposed to try and surround their animals as far as possible with all the comforts of home, I should like to ask whether provision is made for the mandril to keep itself in condition by having an occasional fight. And if not, why not?

The lions and tigers at the Zoo impressed me as being a surly, ill-bred lot of creatures. Frequently they break out into a tremendously disquieting roar—even when ladies are present; while one of the tigers obstinately refused to accede to the polite request of a mild-looking clergyman who asked it to turn its face round because his wife wanted to take a photograph of it. The leopard, too, sat down in its cage with the offensive assumption of superiority that characterises so many of the animals at the Zoo, and when a really



pretty girl offered him a biscuit, he made a cheap pretence of looking over her head at the blank wall behind her. I think when I want to "cut" a tiresome acquaintance again I shall run round to the Zoo and study the leopard's stony, far-away stare. It is the freezingest stare of the kind that I know. On the other hand, the black bear was quite agreeably polite and ceremonious. As we approached his cage he stood up on his hind feet and bowed repeatedly, and I felt rather sorry that I did not know enough of his language to be able to inquire after his health and that of his family. The sloth bear merely sat and looked at us as if he had seen something like us before and wasn't at all curious for further particulars. This bear claims a sort of distinction by reason of the fact that he has two teeth less than other bears have; and no doubt this is a very great consolation to anyone who is being bitten by a sloth. The collection in this department seems to me a little imperfect, as I can find no mention in the catalogue of the Teddy Bear or the *Ursus Throgmortonensis*—the well-known bear that haunts the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange.

Another point is that the Gardens seem to be taken up with some quite unnecessary animals. There is the kiwi, for instance, which is described as a practically wingless bird. Now, a bird without wings is obviously trying to pour cheap ridicule on the entire ornithological species; and it ought to be scrapped at once. At such a solemn moment in the history of our land as this, when the sportsmen are out on the moors in search of a bag, the mere mention of a wingless bird borders almost on profanity. It is quite a relief to turn to another specimen of bird life, the laughing kingfisher, which, according to the catalogue, is endowed with a powerful, clamorous laugh. The chief merit of the kingfisher is that it is very clever at catching mice. The Zoo people might do worse than breed a supply of these festive birds with the view of gradually superseding the domestic cat. Cats, I believe, do not laugh with anything like real heartiness — even the Cheshire cat only grins. Whereas a bird that would fulfil the functions of the cat and at the same time enliven a dull suburban home with a healthy roar of laughter every time it caught another mouse napping, would certainly do its share towards keeping the country at large merry and bright. As a final criticism I should like to point out that the Zoological Society seem to have taken no pains to secure a specimen of that well-known class of animals, the gazeekas; and while I saw a very fine sample of a carpenter at work in the grounds, the walrus was conspicuous by its absence. I must point out, also, in the public interest, that while the Superintendent's house occupies a prominent position in the section of the ruminants, there are no bars to its cage to prevent it from breaking loose and biting somebody.

JINGLE

The Very Latest Excuse

RECOMMENDED TO DISSIPATED BUT UP-TO-DATE HUSBANDS

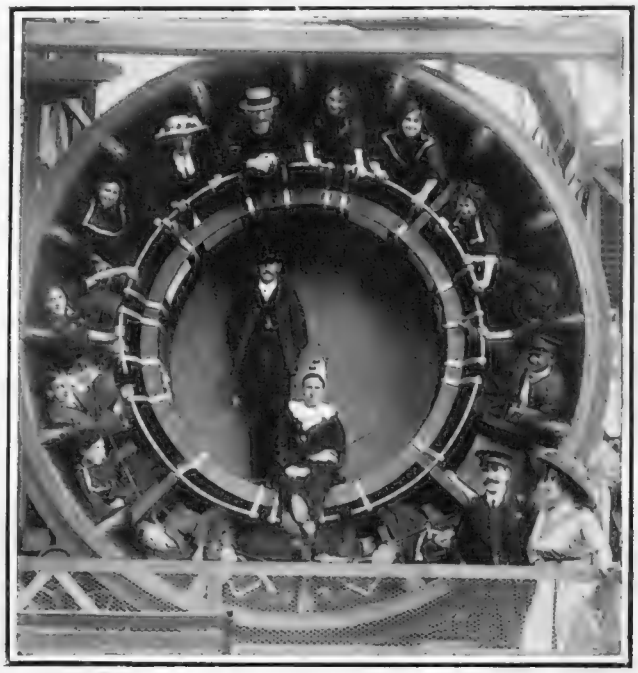
"And what is the explanation of this, Sir?"
"Mosh unfortunate, m'dear. Met the Suffragettes and got mistaken for Lloyd George."

BY PHILIP BAYNES

"Coney Island and Water"

A CRITICISM OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH: BY A BYSTANDER RETURNED FROM NEW YORK

I HAVE an American friend who lives, when she is at home, in—or, as she would say, on—Electric Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., which is convenient for Coney Island on the B.R.T. I escorted her home a night or two since, by the Shepherd's Bush Tube—and still she was not happy. She said that Coney Island had shrunk horribly since her last visit, that there weren't nearly so many people about, that it had the same old attractions it had had for years past, and that there weren't so many of them. She did not cheer up until I told her that we were not in Luna Park, but the Great White City, after which she admitted that, for an imitation, it was no worse than could be expected. It reminded her of the British Olympic team compared to the American, she put it patriotically.



Photograph *Sport and General*

A CONEY ISLAND THRILL: THE ROLEY-POLEY

British Pleasures

Since then two things have been puzzling me concerning the British people and their pleasures. Firstly, why must they import them from America; secondly, if they must, why not do the thing decently? Shepherd's Bush is, as anyone who has seen both must recognise, Coney Island and water. Where Shepherd's Bush covers acres Coney Island spreads itself across miles; where Shepherd's Bush provides one mountain railway Coney Island has twenty, most of them twice as long; where Shepherd's Bush has one instrument of torture, in Coney Island they are innumerable. Finally, you have to pay to enter the White City, while a trip to Coney Island costs no more than your car-fare and what you choose to spend on side-shows. As a result, the record attendance for one day at Coney Island is in the neighbourhood of two millions, and even if you divide the figure by three to allow for the national habit of exaggeration, I do not suppose so many go to Shepherd's Bush.

Different Only in Name

Now, London is very much larger than New York; its people are just as pleasure-loving. Why—if we must imitate our inferiors can we not do the thing at least as well? For my American friend was quite right when she called the White City a second-rate Coney Island. It is clamantly American even in its choice of name. Just as no American talks of the sea, calling it invariably the *ocean*, so here a collection of more or less white temporary buildings set up in a London suburb calls itself a Great City. It provides some of the demoniacal attractions given by its American cousin—not by any means all of them, and they are mostly very *vieux jeu* from the American standpoint. It is true that it gives them different names. The Giant Racer becomes the Scenic Railway; the Rocky Road to Dublin calls itself the Alpine, or is it the Mountain, Railway?—the Turkey Trotter becomes the Wiggle-Woggle, the Haunted Ship is barely recognisable as the House of Troubles. I forget what the Dingle-Dangle calls itself in America; the Witching Waves, having hit upon a good name, wisely keeps to it. And so on and so forth. But, all in all, the same horrors are there, but fewer of them, nor so good.

Propitiating the Nonconformist Conscience

It is true that, keeping up the British reputation for hypocrisy, the Great White City professes also to enshrine an International Exhibition, and the buildings devoted to this end certainly provide excellent cover for mating couples who yearn for amorous dalliance far from the madding crowd, but that is notoriously merely a gloss for the benefit of the Nonconformist conscience. Why should these things be?

Painful Pleasures

Is it certain, to begin with, that the English people really like their painful pleasures imported, like their picture films, from America? I do not think so. If you have lived in New York you can understand Coney Island. Your New Yorker lives in such a Purgatory that to reach his nerves you have to jog them to extremes, just as the Chinese are forced to invent always more exquisite tortures for their

The White City of Dreadful Joys

insensible compatriots. To be thrown to and fro, to have your neck dislocated, your stomach shuttle-cocked between your teeth and your heels, your spine jarred to a frazzle—these things are but pleasurable exaggerations of the New Yorker's life, translated from the mental to the physical plane. Also, the American is thorough, a shade cruel, and totally lacking in real imagination. To enjoy the sufferings of others he must himself have experienced them.

Humane Englishmen

But your Englishman lives a normal life in a civilised country. The savage instincts proper to an American were evolved out of him centuries ago. He would pay a twopenny 'bus fare rather than help torture a fellow-creature. Coney Island—and its imitations—are to him at heart places of horror. He goes to them, he even endures their intolerable joys, only because they are all he is vouchsafed. They are there—says his well-disciplined mind—therefore they must be right, but—oh, Mother! You have only to watch the silent agony upon his face to realise the intensity of his repugnance. He goes, too, because his young woman commands; and she goes, hating it, because Sall and Betty and Kate have gone before her, and she will not have her young man accused of meanness. I may be wrong, but thus it seems to me.

THE BOUNDER IN THE HOUSE OF TROUBLES

FUN IN THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

MORE IMPORTED THRILLS FROM CONEY ISLAND AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

The Degenerate Child

It may be that I am wrong, and that our pleasure-purveyors know their own business best and are slowly corrupting the English to the American level. But if so, allow us, at least, for the saving of our *amour propre*, some torture-joy born of our own brains. If we *must* suffer, are there not Tossing-in-a-Blanket, Running-the-Gauntlet, and a dozen other mediæval horrors still remembered and ready to adaptation? There is always something new—and horrid—from America, but we, if we would, could beat them even at that. If England must follow her degenerate child, let it be as the nurse who pushes the perambulator rather than the tin-can tied to the mongrel's tail.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE WHIRLPOOL JOY-WHEEL

ARE WE GAS-BAGS?

A GERMAN ONSLAUGHT ON BRITONS IN GENERAL AND "THE BYSTANDER" IN PARTICULAR

A GERMAN visitor to London who writes to a London journal is entitled to publicity, and I, therefore, make no apology for giving herewith a letter which has reached this office during the past week.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London,

August 6th, 1912.

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

DEAR SIR,—Your Berlin letter would be much more amusing if it did not possess too much of that vulgar spirit usually found in British journalism, viz., the sensational, and the association with, and description of, the German lower classes. As an occasional reader of THE BYSTANDER I have always considered, and do so now, that it is below the dignity of a German to reply to or comment upon that sort of "journalism." But there is an article in your last week's issue entitled "The Red Quill," which offers such a strong temptation to a German to comment upon, that he may be forgiven by his countrymen for addressing the Editor of an English journal. You state that "All Englishmen must thrill with pride at such a tribute to the traditional superiority, etc., etc." Is it really possible that any Englishman can read such rubbish and thrill with pride, etc., etc., when this rubbish is really nothing else than a lot of *self*-praise, self-admiration and self-advertisement committed by one of their race? How is it possible that you, Mr. Editor, accept a story of this *self-praising* nature at a moment when the knees of every Englishmen are trembling for fear lest the German should come over and smash this wonderful nation, when Englishmen are begging for peace, arbitration nonsense, and British statesmen are writing in a German magazine (*Nord und Sud*) praying for peace. Two men-o'-war for every German one. Oh, you wonderful sportsmen, you superior race! Napoleon was right, "a nation of tradesmen," and Bismarck correctly expressed the opinion that then prevailed, and prevails now, when he answered a certain question. "What shall I do if England lands 100,000 soldiers? I shall have them all arrested by the *police* at once." The opinion prevailing now about Englishmen is that they are incurable "gasbags." Look how the superior race has become hysterical. The Austrian Navy is added to the German. Timidity makes you sportsmen forget what Austria-Hungary officially declared in 1905 that the *casus foederis* (between Germany and Austria) could not be applied in a naval engagement. The superior British race forget what they have so often stated themselves in their own newspapers, viz., "that Italy had stated firmly she could not be had as an ally in the Mediterranean and against England." Hysterical nervousness and timidity makes these wonderful superior sportsmen look upon Italy as an enemy already ready to go for them, although they just helped them to go to Tripoli. One used to read in the English Press how frail the Triple Alliance was, what the *real* feelings of Italy were against Germany, and now, such a short time afterwards, this change of opinion! these nightmares of German aggression supported by Italy! this, to put it shortly, "hysterical fear"! Yet these gasbags talk like heroes—*Haulhelden*. Ask your Berlin friend what it means, I am certain they have told him often enough in Berlin. Now let me come to my conclusion. Your remark about the thrill, etc., etc., and the fact of your presenting such a story to your readers either shows an extraordinary contempt for your readers' mental capacity or it pronounces in itself a judgment upon your readers' mental *inferiority*—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, RICHARD SCHMITZ

It is most regrettable that our Emperor is so friendly towards the superior race of gasbags, but the German nation is asking more severely than ever, "*Omousque tandem abutere Catilina patientia nostra?*" R. S.

We are glad to be the means of introducing Herr Richard Schmitz to the British Press, and trust, now that the ice is broken, his views on England and the English will find expression in a "sort of" journalism better suited than THE BYSTANDER to their weight and dignity. So far as his criticisms of this journal are concerned, they are rather too easily disposed of for our taste. Our Berlin letter, as Herr Schmitz would know if he read it regularly, consists in the main of observations of a humorous character, and, therefore, it is not likely to be sensational. Furthermore, it does *not* deal to any appreciable extent with the lower classes, but as often as not with the political and social conditions of the Empire as a whole, and with the class to which Herr Schmitz himself presumably belongs. As to "The Red Quill," our readers will not need to be reminded that the statement as to Englishmen "thrilling with pride," etc., which so vexes Herr Schmitz, was obvious sarcasm. The story itself was, for its part, a satire on the methods of an English Foreign Secretary who was clearly more interested in trout-fishing than in diplomacy.

As to whether we are, or are not, "trembling lest the German should come over," etc., the answer is that, with a knowledge of recent European history, in which Germany deliberately and at her own time, and for her own purposes, made war on three friendly neighbouring States, thoughtful Englishmen are bound to be awake to the *possibility* of a similar attack on these islands. To be prepared, and determined to ward off an assault, is not "nervousness and timidity." Nobody really supposes, as Herr Schmitz says, that Austria and Italy would federate against us, but the ways of diplomacy are devious, and Bosnia in 1908 and Tripoli in 1912 might have found us unwillingly in an imbroglio with either, a state of affairs of which Germany would not have been slow to take advantage.

There appears, therefore, no foundation whatever for Herr Schmitz's accusation against us of being "gas-bags"—an accusation which is in itself inconsistent with his main argument. A "gas-bag" is clearly one who has an inflated idea of his powers—such as the individual who talks of putting 100,000 soldiers into the hands of the police. Herr Schmitz's grievance against us is the exact reverse, *i.e.*, that we underrate our capacity of resistance. He cannot have it both ways. If we are hysterical, timid, and nervous, we are certainly not "gas-bags." The only final comment I have to make is to caution Germans against their Schmitzes—otherwise, their Anglophobe writers to the papers. Campaigns, even of abuse, need to be conducted with some attempt to understand your enemy's position and fighting capacity, and the fact that so many Press campaigns against England are undertaken without such understanding leads us to wonder whether the military and naval ones are so perfect that 100,000 English soldiers would really be given in charge of the police. It might be added that though Napoleon called us a "nation of shopkeepers" in one mood, in another he wrote that "had I an English army I would conquer the universe."

Why Leave London?

DELIGHTS OF THE DIP AND THE DIG WELL WITHIN THE CITY'S LIMITS

BATHING IN THE SERPENTINE—WHO SAYS IT IS ANY LESS WET THAN BATHING AT THE SEASIDE?
Probably more so, for most of these bathers, unlike many seaside-goers, actually bathe

Specially photographed for "The Bystander"

PADDLING AND DIGGING ON THE SANDS AT BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM
Here is a scene which might quite easily be mistaken for a seaside one. Everything is there, water for one thing, and sand (specially brought from the coast) for another

London Wakes

TO THE FACT THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO RUN GOOD PLAYS IN AUGUST

Miss Hilda Davies as Ada

Miss Daisy England as Mrs. Jeffcote

Herbert Lomas as Nathaniel Jeffcote

SCENES FROM "HINDLE WAKES" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

A Comedy, by which Miss Horniman's Company of Manchester has proved the possibility of running successfully a good play in London during August

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

Leonard Mudie as Christopher Hawthorn

Miss Edyth Goodall as Fanny

Miss Ada King as Mrs. Hawthorn

The upper picture represents the scene in which Nathaniel Jeffcote is irritatingly delayed by the maid from telling his wife of their son Alan's escapade at Llandudno. The lower illustration shows the return of Fanny from that town to her parents. Inset is a photograph of Miss Jane Savile as Beatrice Alan's fiancée

The Nature-Lover in London

BY OUR OWN FIELD-NATURALIST

[*An article which proves that it is not necessary to go outside the metropolis to make oneself a prodigious bore on the subject of Natural History.—With acknowledgments to our daily contemporaries*]

I ROSE early this morning; it was not yet eleven when I threw open my window, only to find that the sun was up before me. The sky was cloudless and curiously blue, sure sign to the weather-wise that it was not raining. Our feathered immigrants are now with us in large numbers. On the roadway before the house I counted at least twenty busily seeking their food. Among them I recognised the *Passer Domestica*, the *Fringilla Domesticus*, and the common, or house-sparrow, the latter in its jet-black summer plumage. Not ten paces from them a small quadruped was crouched, watching them intently. Being without my field-glasses I was unable to identify it with any certainty. From its fuscous coat, curiously striped and barred, its long body scarcely elevated from the ground, and the fact that it was furnished with claws instead of horns and hoofs, I am inclined to consider it either one of the *Felidæ* or some uncatalogued variety of the *Mustella Vulgaris*, or weasel.

The unusual warmth—the mercury stood at over 50 in my bedroom this morning—has had a striking effect upon our local vegetation. Upon my way to Hyde Park, in search of specimens of the *Heteroptera*, *Coleoptera*, and *Aphaniptera* (vulgarly, and improperly, known as fleas, beetles, and bugs), I observed in one small enclosure towards the middle of Regent Street, on the east side, examples of the *Rosaceæ*, *Ericaceæ*, and *Liliaceæ*, all in full blossom. A little further on I met a rosy-cheeked lad bearing in his arms great bundles of the *Radicula* (*Nasturtium*) *Aquaticum* (unscientifically known as water-cresses). This succulent delicacy, which is largely consumed by our cottagers, deserves to be better known by those, like myself, interested in Food Reform.

In previous articles I have pointed out the folly of those who maintain that *Equus Caballus* should be numbered among our extinct British quadrupeds. I was to-day fortunate enough to see no fewer than three adult specimens on the hill leading towards Knightsbridge. One of them, a female, I believe to have been a new variant, its tail being destitute of hair and its forelegs curiously curved, backwards and outwards. I should be glad to hear from any of my readers who may have seen similar variants—possibly hybrids—in other parts of the country. (Letters should be written on one side of the paper and contain a remittance of 2*s*. 6*d*.—in stamps or P.O.)

Although we are only in the beginning of August the elms (*Ulmus Campestris*) in Hyde Park are already in full leaf. The curious bacillic, or parasitical growth I have mentioned in earlier notes, seems, if anything, on the increase. Not only is the outer bark in many instances so over-run as to appear actually black, the leaves also are masked by a thick black deposit. I am inclined to consider this a newly introduced enemy to our forest trees. My previous references to this interesting discovery have brought me letters from correspondents in Manchester, Glasgow (who forgot to enclose remittance), Birmingham, and elsewhere, who have observed a similar growth upon their local trees, whence it is clear that it is not confined to the South of England. Owing, doubtless, to the recent drought, the Serpentine River has fallen considerably. The name of this charming stream reminds us how enduring are the works of Nature. Originally so-called by the Romans, from the fancied resemblance of its course to the sinuosities of the *Tropidonotus Natrix*, or ringed snake, it is still possible in places to trace the resemblance, even after the lapse of centuries.

The beauty of the day had tempted many disciples of old Sir Isaac, by one of whom I was informed that the *Gasterosteus Aculeatus* was biting freely, and that many large catches had been made. The vulgar name of this fish is an interesting example of unscientific nomenclature. From its back rise three thorns or spikes, to the unimaginative resembling little sticks. We thus arrive at stick—le (a diminutive. Cf.—lein in German)—and back—in other words, the fish (understood) with the stickles—(or little sticks) upon his back. Such reflections as these lend its chief charm to nature study. I was also fortunate enough to discover a new popular name for the *Lissotriton Punctatus*, grouped by Huxley, along with fishes, as *Ichthyopsida*, though more usually classed with the *Amphibia*. A young enthusiast, however, who was observing their habits, preferred to refer to them as "effuts" or "newts," names hitherto unknown to me, and which may disguise distinct species.

On my way across the woods and meadows towards Kensington—a name which vividly recalls to us the saintly Bishop Ken, leading his congregation in prayerful song—I was witness of an instance of the rare atavistic instinct displayed by *Canis Vulgaris*, the common, or yellow, dog, a subject about which too little has been written. One of these, rubrous in colour, probably of the terriers, was busily herding a flock of our local variety of sheep (a variant of the black-faced species, the negroid hue extending over the whole body). The intelligence of the dog far exceeded that of its human colleague—a young woman in a pink dress, who did little but scream unintelligible directions and wave her crook—or umbrella, I could not distinguish which. The dog very sensibly took no notice of her, and after a time drove his woolly charges before him in a north-easterly direction, disappearing with them among the trees, leaving the inefficient shepherdess apparently in tears. (*Jam Satis.*—Ed.)

O. M. Hueffer

Not Far From the Madding Crowd: Rusti

HAMPSTEAD HEATH: THE VALE OF HEALTH

Photographs *Sport and*

KENSINGTON GARDENS: VIEW FROM BRIDGE LOOKING WEST

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF WHITEHALL: A CORNER OF THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PAR

Scenery Within London's Four-Mile Radius

Photograph Sport and General

BATTERSEA PARK LAKE

JUST OFF THE OLD KENT ROAD: TELEGRAPH HILL GARDENS

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

Tecla

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

"I say you can't prove it. Read 'istory. Read Wilkins—Wilkins wot wrote 'The Wealth of the World.' Get it at any bookstall for a penny. Wilkins'll soon put *you* right!"

"Dry up; go and lie down," shout back the supporters of his rival, who proceeds to remark that pauper lunatics have lately been largely on the increase, a fact his hearers could not have failed to notice. The fat orator desires to know if this insulting reference is intended for him, and proceeds to fling uncomplimentary epithets at the pallid one, until the latter retaliates with some interesting information concerning the abnormal development of the other's head. Then the two audiences take up the quarrel, and also enliven the proceedings with a few personalities.

The largest crowds are those gathered round the Tariff Reform and Socialist speakers. The latter, of whom there are different brands, are all violently opposed to one another.

They have one aim in common, however, and that is to make as much noise as possible.

"FREE THOUGHT"

Tariff Reform is a subject which always attracts a large audience, especially if the speaker is a working man, and the debates which take place on this topic are worth coming a long way to hear. Latterly, the Unionist victories in the country have brought great accessions to the crowds gathered round these speakers. The tirades of the Suffragettes and of those members of their own sex who oppose them are listened to with interest, and not a little amusement. The rhetoric, however, is masterly, and the arguments are on a much higher intellectual plane than is the case on a good many of the other platforms in this corner of the Park.

A large proportion of the speeches in Hyde Park are pure fustian. The amount of nonsense preached with a vehemence unparalleled since the harangues of Peter the Hermit, and duly assimilated by intelligent audiences is prodigious. Indeed, anyone who cares to air his views in Hyde Park can obtain a fair audience in no time. It matters not if the subject is one on which the lecturer is profoundly ignorant, or one to which the man in the street is at other moments quite indifferent.

I have in mind one young gentleman, who, perceiving the latent humour of these meetings, frequently addressed an audience himself, greatly to the amusement of those around him. A clerk out of employment, he nevertheless managed to keep a heart as light as his stomach was empty, and among his quips and cranks one might detect some humorous confession of poverty—some airy, half-cynical allusion to foodless days, and cold and dreary nights on the Thames Embankment.

NEED WE SAY—WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

"Ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "I have been asked to take the chair at this meeting. I don't know who this stand belongs to, but I've got it. Now, before I call on my esteemed friend, Mr. Buzfuz"—"Busbridge," corrects that gentleman—"Mr. Busbridge, I should like to say that I don't do this sort of thing for a living; in fact, it's a long time since I did anything for a living. (Cheers.) Many years ago, I had a job in a hub and spoke factory, but I was obliged to resign, as it took up too much of my time. As long as you've got the health and

Photographs *Sport and General*

"ANTI-MEDICAL QUACKERY"

strength to lie in bed, why should you go to work? Dentistry is my line, but that, as you know, is only a hand-to-mouth existence. (Laughter.) I shall now have very great pleasure in calling on our comrade, Mr. Busman to address this meeting. He is appearing on the halls at the present time at a thousand nights a pound."

Whereupon Mr. Busbridge, a gentleman of patriarchal appearance, and, incidentally, a total stranger to the chairman, mounts the rostrum, and immediately begins to talk upon a variety of subjects with an enthusiasm and inconsequence that evokes the admiration of his hearers. So incoherent does he become, however, that he is sternly rebuked by the chairman, who, after successfully dethroning him, moves a hearty vote of thanks to "his friend," Mr. Busbridge, for "his highly interesting lecture," and declares the meeting closed.

But the best retort that I remember being given in the Park was that which occurred at a meeting addressed by a Free Thinker. This individual was announcing to the meeting a number of his disbeliefs when he was suddenly confronted by an old Yorkshireman, who asked him:

"Dost tha believe in Germany?"

"If you mean does Germany exist," answered the Atheist, "I believe it does, for although I haven't seen the country myself, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of proof that the country does exist."

"Then thou'll not believe anything thee and others 'ave not seen?" asked the Yorkshireman.

"Certainly not," replied the other.

The Yorkshireman was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"Didst tha ever see thy own brains, lad?"

"No."

"Didst tha ever see anybody that did?"

"Of course not."

"Does thee believe that thou has got any?"

The Free Thinker sat down.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE"

Strange indeed are the types of humanity gathered together in the Modern Babel. Here an old gentleman preaching from a stand proclaims he is the rightful claimant to the Druce estates; there a man is pleading for temperance reform, while by his side a negro is insisting on total abstinence, and not far away a third orator demands prohibition. An Irishman is hotly interrogating a German Socialist; a tall lady in glasses is explaining the benefits of Esperanto to several seedy individuals; and a gentleman with an Italian accent is expounding the virtues of Free Trade to a small audience.

Hyde Park has always been the favourite spot for demonstrations, very few of which have proved effectual. The first demonstration of any note—in 1855—was provoked by the high price of bread, and was attended by serious rioting. In 1866 rioting again took place in Hyde Park. Gates and railings were broken down by the mob, and many people were injured. A meeting of the unemployed, held in 1887, was dispersed by the police.

Other great meetings and the effect they secured are as under:

1884. Great Franchise Demonstration. (200,000 people present.) (Partly successful.)

1887. Unemployed Riot. (Ineffectual.)

1890. Agitation against the Compensation Clauses of the Licensing Bill. (100,000 people present.) (Ineffectual.)

1894. Great Eight-Hour Day Demonstration. (400,000 people present). (Ineffectual.) Mr. John Burns attended this meeting.

1894. Meeting against the House of Lords. (200,000 people present.) (Ineffectual.)

1899. Eight-Hour Day Demonstration. (200,000 people present.) (Ineffectual.)

1902. Reserve and unemployed old Soldiers protest against their treatment by the War Office. (Successful.)

1904. Against Chinese Labour. (100,000 people present.) (Successful.)

1908. Great Suffrage Demonstration. (500,000 people present.) (No result as yet.)

1909. In favour of the Budget. (150,000 people present.) (Part of successful agitation.)

The dock strike and other recent industrial troubles have also been responsible for large gatherings.

As will be seen by the above, the record attendance was achieved by the Great Suffrage Demonstration. Never before in the history of political meetings had time, money, and organisation been expended to such a lavish extent. What effect this demonstration will have only the future can show.

Each year sees in Hyde Park an increase of creeds and doctrines more weird and wonderful than before. The preachers and teachers may not always be masters of their subjects, but what does that matter? They have at least a confidence in themselves, and possess the comforting knowledge that their voices are capable of drowning all opposition, and that, as far as they are concerned, is enough.

As you leave the Park, glance back once more at the Modern Babel. Silhouetted against the sky are the forms of its orators. They are still talking, arguing, gesticulating. And around them arise the confusion of many tongues. The noise of the crowd is as the roar of the sea.

DOUGLAS BUCHANAN

"Set to Partners"

AN EXCHANGE IN HOUSES IN PARK LANE

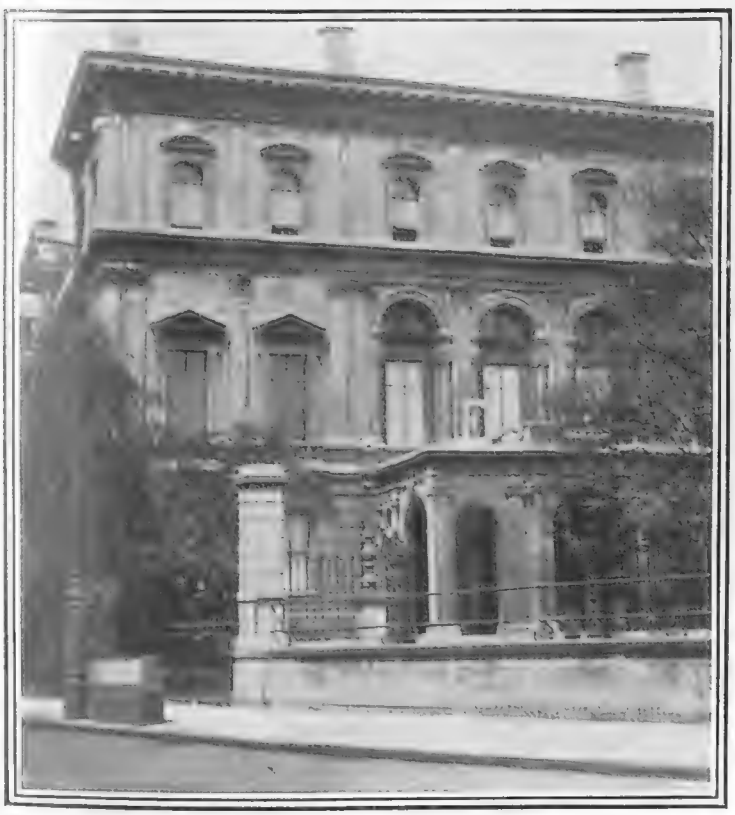
BROOK HOUSE

The former residence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, which is now occupied by Sir Ernest Cassell

ALDFORD HOUSE (RECENTLY RE-NAMED)

The late Mr. Alfred Beit's residence, now tenanted by Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest

A sort of general post has been going on in aristocratic Park Lane, where several of the best-known residences are being taken over by fresh tenants. Foremost among these are Dorchester House to which Sir George Holford returns; Dudley House whither Mr. Whitelaw Reid will transfer the American Embassy; Brook House, the new home of Sir Ernest Cassell; and Aldford House, now occupied by Captain the Hon. F. Guest



Photographs

DORCHESTER HOUSE

The present home of the American Embassy in London, to which Sir George Holford is returning, when Mr. Whitelaw Reid will take up his residence at Dudley House

H. Wyndham

DUDLEY HOUSE

The New American Embassy, which has just been sold by Sir J. B. Robinson to the Hon. John Ward, brother of Earl Dudley, and son-in-law of Mr. Whitelaw Reid

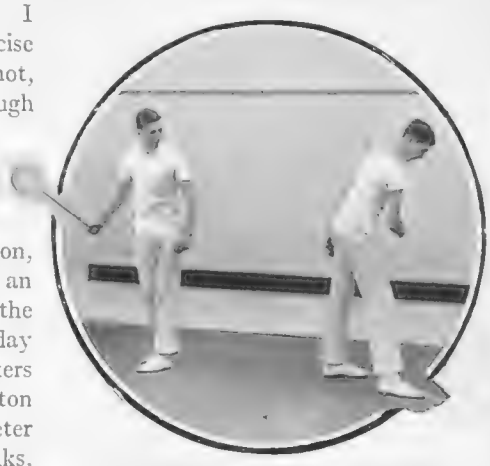
The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

London as a Sporting Centre.

By E. H. D. Sewell

BOATING ON THE ST. JAMES'S PARK LAKE

IT will dawn upon the athletically inclined one of these days that London as a sporting centre is not to be despised. Also, that a man may preserve a sane mind in a sound body without paying out bullion to railway and steamship companies in order to convey him far afield in search of the games he loves. It sometimes must fall to the lot of such a man that he cannot get away from Town, and it at once becomes a question for him: "Am I doomed to go without exercise until I can get away, or, if not, where can I go, and get through my work as well?"



RACQUETS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

To tell the truth, there is very little in the way of sport that cannot be done from London, and done easily. In such an August as the present it is the man who has gone for his holiday who is to be pitied. The bunkers of Herbert Fowler at Walton Heath, the putting-greens of Peter Lees on the Mid-Surrey Links, where, too, some Alpine climbing has not long been added to the dangers of the game, and the delights of parkland golf at Stoke Poges are practically within a stone's throw of Mayfair these days of so much horse-power per guinea. So that no golfer in Town need ever fret because of the absence of his pet game. The ingenuity of an Abercrombie has recently added a fine course on the slopes of Coombe Wood, another delightful spot within easy reach. And these are but four of the links round Town, whose name is legion, even though for several months of the year many of the legion are embedded in London clay.

For the rubber-soled votary of the racket a dozen minutes or so by third-class Parliamentary from Victoria brings him to the beautiful rubble courts at Dulwich, though under existing conditions his travelling expenses will be better spent in taking him to the indoor courts at Queen's Club, where he can find racquets also at hand when tired of lawn tennis. The useful motor-omnibus will drop him for twopence from most parts at the gates of Lord's, where he can play real tennis, or endeavour to improve his back-play at the nets under the guidance of a professional bowler. He is sure of net-practice there, whether there is a match in progress or not, an attraction which may ere long be added to

Photographs *Sport and General*

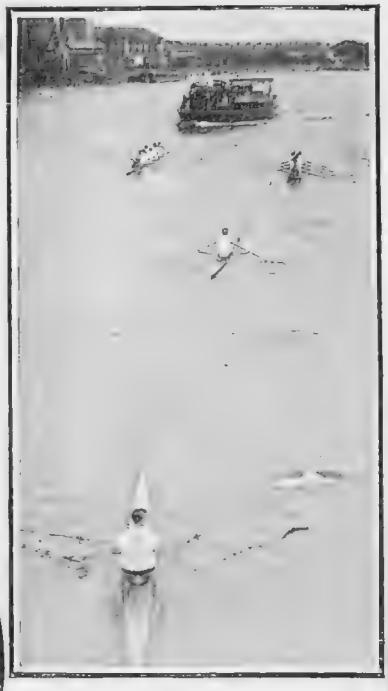
CRICKET AT THE OVAL: ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA

C. B. Llewellyn, caught Rhodes bowled Woolley

Sports that are Possible in London

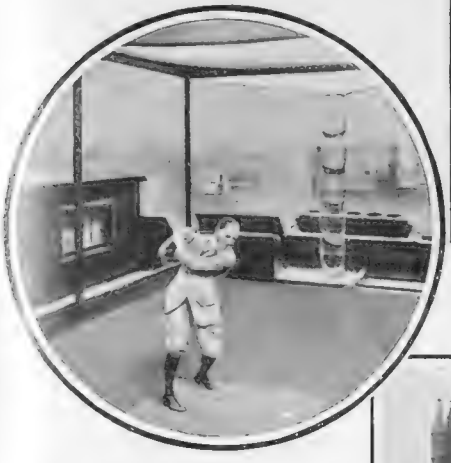
the privileges of membership of the Surrey County Cricket Club at the Oval.

The rowing man has not far to go to reach Hammersmith or Putney or Richmond to play the wet-bob to his heart's content. The next best thing to burning powder on the moors, when you can't get there, is a morning at one of the numerous shooting schools round London, where it is the easiest thing in the world to get gun headache at the expense



ROWING AT HAMMERSMITH

W. D. Kinnear winning the Wingfield Sculls



GOLF

Harry Vardon driving on Benetfink's roof in Cheapside

SHOOTING

Firing from the butts at the Shooting School at Ealing

of inanimate birds flung at all heights and angles. The practice is good for getting into touch again with one's shooting-irons in case that invitation from your own or someone else's rich uncle arrives about Guy Fawkes' Day, and is, moreover, good for the cartridge trade.

Take the little village all in all the man who stays there in August often has the laugh of his friend who has ventured forth in overcrowded trains to overcrowded hotels at overcrowded resorts, and subsisted on badly-cooked food hurriedly thrown at him by waiters with no interest in their job beyond cadging at the end of it. The richer man at the end of August is generally he who remained in the world's sporting centre. This fact, too, will dawn upon some of us one of these days.

FLYING

Mr. F. K. McClean making his recent record flight along the Thames

Photograph *Sport and General*

LAWN TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

A match between J. C. Parke and O. Froitzheim in the contest for the London Championship

J. M. Synge

ONE of the first questions I was asked during a recent visit to America was: What do people think of J. M. Synge in England? I was obliged to admit that to the general public his name was almost entirely unknown. But just about that time the papers were filled with accounts of the strange treatment accorded in one of the States to Lady Gregory's company of Irish Players, who were not permitted to produce *The Playboy of the Western World*, on account, it was said, of certain things in that masterpiece which would be unpalatable to such Irishmen as might visit the theatre where it was to be performed. And then, I fancy, a number of people turned their attention to this Irish dramatist, and found, possibly to their astonishment, that although Synge had been dead but three years, he was already sufficient of a classic to have had his "Collected Works" issued in more than one edition. Synge, indeed, is amongst the world's major dramatists. Even those who see in his work a spirit inimical to his country — though how they can do so passes my comprehension — accord him the epithet. In America, I daresay, he is read more widely than in England, but the publication of Mr. P. P. Howe's *J. M. Synge: A Critical Study* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), should do much towards making the work of this strange, lovable man who drew the men and women of Ireland with so masterly and so simple a brush, better known. Mr. Howe is plainly, but not unduly, enthusiastic, and his book is no more than it sets out to be. Lies and lives will be written of him, John Masefield is reported to have said of his friend, but here is no lie and no life—rather an intimate and moving and intensely interesting account of Synge's work. If you read Mr. Howe's book, you will want to read every one of Synge's plays, and that, I imagine, will gratify his first critic of importance. There are detailed descriptions of the plays themselves, and a sustained inquiry into the secret of Synge's mastery. His men and women, those poor folk of Ireland whom he knew so well, are here brought together and shown us for the gems of characterisation they are. The first book about a great man, be he painter or statesman or poet, has an interest of its own. Mr. Howe makes an admirable leader.

Camera portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

AN IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT OF MISS GERTRUDE ROBINS

Whose successful curtain-raiser, "Makeshifts," now precedes "Hindle Wakes" at the Playhouse

Botticelli Up-to-Date

There have been many admirable novels about the Renaissance, and many learned monographs about the various artists who helped to make it a possibility. You may read exhaustive iconographies of the pictures, with dates and latest prices and present habitations, and you may, if you choose, read academic treatises showing, quite conclusively, who founded schools and who did not. It was with considerable curiosity that I opened Mr. A. J. Anderson's *The Romance of Sandro Botticelli* (Stanley Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The preface informed me that various contradictory statements had been made about this painter, wherefore Mr. Anderson felt entitled to combine fiction with such facts as he could find to present to his reader a living portrait of the master. So far so good, yet I cannot think that Mr. Anderson has gone very far. He is at perfect liberty to suppose that the pupil of Fra. Phillipo Lippi fell in love with that painter's daughter, and that he should see and hear a great many undesirable things during his sojourn under a painter-anatomist's roof, but whether the picture thus obtained gives a true impression is open to doubt. If the book had been published at six shillings it would be another matter. Mr. Anderson, moreover, seems to be a better critic than romancer: he is too fond of filling his pages with the most commonplace truisms, and there is an air of modernity about his writing which spoils the illusion he is attempting to create. You feel all the time that he recognises the superiority of living in the twentieth century, when, of course, we have decided about everything under the sun. This is particularly the case with Lucrezia, Lippi's wife, whose earlier history

Keeping "Ready Money" in London

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Our photograph shows Miss Hilda Antony, now leading lady in Mr. Allan Aynesworth's production of "Ready Money." She achieves the distinction of being the only character in that typical comedy who does not dream, talk, and think of money from beginning to end. This is, we suppose, the American equivalent of "preserving the unities"

was typical of the period, but hardly of a kind to make her so keen to preserve Sandro's chastity. On the other hand, such chapters as tell of the painting of the pictures themselves are full of interest, and to those who would know something of this brilliant master, whose end was so tragic, Mr. Anderson's book will, no doubt, be welcome. The illustrations come just when you expect them, and if the author's writing were rather more distinguished, I could even recommend it to those scholars and critics and academicians who in their wisdom never make the slightest mistake.

A Book of Women

In her new novel, *Borrowers of Fortune* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), Miss Jessie Leckie Herbertson succeeds—to a point. A man seduces his boy's governess, and honourably proposes marriage, but Grace Merchiston refuses, and goes back to her family, feeling that her life is spoilt. The Merchistons are poor, but Katherine, the mother, retrieves the family fortunes by writing such novels as I imagine may be found in the windows of every stationer's shop in the kingdom. With her money she and her family move to a small country town, to which also comes the man. He repeats his offer, but Grace has fallen in love with the organist. That something is wrong a number of people suspect, but the truth does not come out until the curate's puritanical sister sets scandal afoot. But the organist makes light of it after thrashing the other man, and Grace discovers that life can be wondrous even after a mistake. So much for the story, and I hasten to add that Miss Herbertson's descriptions of the Merchiston family are masterly. The mother is wonderfully real, and, if nothing else does, lifts the book well out of mediocrity. Grace, too, is understandable, and the curate's sister cleverly sketched, but Prendergast, the seducer, and Dick, the brother, failed to convince me. Miss Herbertson's women are real, but her men follow the conventional mould. You come up against that old question of writing about the opposite sex: the great ones can do it, the majority cannot.

The Smart Set Again

That wonderful smart set which foregathers in country houses and enjoys *tableaux vivants* and questionable morals, appears once again in *Eve—Spinster* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*), an anonymous novel which may or may not be the first book of a young lady whose picture appears, with some regularity, in the illustrated papers. Of its kind it is certainly amusing. In the form of a diary, kept by the Earl of Deerhaven's eldest sister, the story of Lady Eve rattles merrily along. She is saved from drowning by a peer, who was trapped into marriage, and you have to wait until the last chapter to hear how the superfluous wife was got rid of. Most of the people have titles, but why shouldn't they? And if an important and compromising letter flies out of one window of an express train and flies into the next compartment, where the husband of the lady who wrote it happens to be flirting with the Lady Eve, why shouldn't it?

RALPH STRAUS

A ROMAN BATH IN LONDON

In Strand Lane, just off the Strand, opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, there still exists a Roman bath, probably dating from the time of Julius Cæsar. The bath is used for its original purpose, and much of the ancient brickwork is still visible. The bath is open free to the public between eleven and twelve on Saturdays only, but a considerable number of members, whose annual subscription is two guineas, still use it. It is supplied from a perpetual spring, which discharges at the rate of 26,000 gallons per diem

The Thumb and Elbow Branch

BY
BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

A STORY OF ANARCHISM IN LONDON

"HOW'D you like to be an Anarchist, Hy.?" Mr. James Swift Paterson sat at breakfast opposite his private secretary, Mr. Hyacinth le Mesurier.

Hyacinth smiled poetically.

"In many ways it is a gratifying profession. But, las! one cannot enjoy all the sensations of this onderful world."

"Don't take on so about it. I might get you ected."

Mr. James Swift Paterson was the only son and heir f "eight-million Paterson," of New York City. In e days of his youth his father, for very fair reasons, ould have nothing to do with him, and as a result e youngster got in with the "toughs" and lived on his wits. He saw all sides of the life of most of the big cities of the world, and spoke a variety of languages. terson, senior, on his death-bed, thought fit to relent, d left all his money to Jim. That young man tried hard to live the life of New Yorkers of his financial position, but the taste of the old wild days was always in his mouth, and he was never happier than when he could talk freely in the old Bowery slang with his appreciative private secretary, Mr. le Mesurier, or any former intimate who had attained some sort of respectability.

London he loved. Its by-ways and backstairs eternally entertained him, and Le Mesurier, on this occasion, promptly guessed that his eccentric master had met with a fresh adventure.

"I had a real queer experience last night," continued Jim, "and I'll pass it on to you. You know I dropped out of here about nine-thirty in my reserve, fourth-hand regalia suit and those bomb-throwing face-fittings that used to take your fancy so. Well, I came to an anchor in a little pub. in a turning off Dean Street. I was just dipping into my first go of Italian vermouth, when in strolls a long-haired, yellow-faced desperado, lookin' knuckle-dusters and life-preservers all over. He gives me the exhaustive survey, and suddenly he lets off a sign, flickin' his two elbows up and jabbin' his right thumb into his teeth-cave. Quick as lightning I handed it back. I meant to sort of show him that there was two could do that. He passes over the confidential smile, and presently drops down on my bench. 'Goin' to the meetin' to-morrow,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I did think of lookin' in.' 'I'm glad,' says he, 'we want all the young men.' 'Usual venoo?' says I. 'Oh, yes,' he says, 'downstairs behind the little green door,' and he tips me a yellow-fanged smile that would have turned a hungry pack of wolves off the man-trail. He presently confides that he's got to attend a kind of advance committee meeting that night, and he disappears downstairs. Five minutes later, in blows a cross-eyed, degenerate-looking skunk, looking the last word at bomb-chuckin' and child-stranglin'. I didn't wait for him, but passed out the intimate sign on sight. He returned it all right, and the subsequent conversation showed him up as quite soft goods. I had the whole programme out of him in no time. It seemed we were all fellow-members of the Thumb and Elbow Branch of the International Anarchist's Union, and the following night at ten was the time fixed for the annual general meeting. Most of the members, I gathered, are not known to each other and only meet once a year to cast lots for the honour of doin' the year's murders. You and I ought to get in easy to-night, Hy."

"It's a stimulating idea. It might be my good fortune to be chosen to murder some distinguished statesman."

"You might get the prize, Hy., as you say, but my experience of lotteries is that the undeservin' get the grand piano. Anyway, if you're on, you needn't shave this morning. Anarchists don't."

At nine-thirty on the same evening, Jim cleverly made up as on the preceding night, with a savage moustache and a wig that was a bombshell in itself, set out with Hyacinth for the Soho public-house. There was only one man in the bar, and he was the yellow-fanged ruffian who had first signalled to Jim. Jim introduced Hyacinth.

Both then pushed through the door in the bar and descended some stairs into the basement. They walked along a passage lined with empty bottles to a door from the foot of which streamed a ray of light. Both gave the sign on entering, and found themselves in a well-lit cellar in the company of some twenty other men.

"Welcome, comrades," shouted the twenty in unison.

(All rights strictly reserved

"Greetings to all," said Hy., with a magnificent wave.

"Nice to see old faces," said Jim, shaking hands all round.

Jim was soon the centre of a little knot, talking vigorously. Hyacinth stood aloof, and adopted an impressive and dignified pose, resting one arm on a dusty shelf. Jim freely pointed him out to the assembled scoundrels, and from the glances of admiration bestowed upon him, it was evident to Hyacinth that Jim was painting him as a truly magnificent desperado. Hyacinth ran his hands through his hair, and did his best to look it.

"What's his number?" eagerly asked one of the men.

"What's his number? Nine—four—o—four. Of course, he's a recent joiner. Up to lately he's been unattached, workin' the murder stunt just for love of the thing, and not a single cartridge paid for out of the funds. That's the real enthusiasm, ain't it?"

A sudden murmur of applause broke in on Jim's extravagant chatter. A short, fat, red-haired man entered the room with an important air. He carried a bundle of papers, and was followed by the man whom Jim had christened "Yellow-Fang." After their entrance, the door was locked and bolted.

"Be seated, comrades," said the red-haired man. He took a chair at the back of the table at the far end of the room, and had "Yellow-Fang" on his left. On his right sat the greasy Italian who had been so curious about Hyacinth's number.

The assembled desperadoes sat about on upturned barrels and boxes. Jim found a perch close to the chairman's table.

"Comrades of the Thumb and Elbow Branch," began the chairman. "We meet to-night after a year of many disappointments. (Growls.) The twelve plutocrats sentenced at our last annual meeting are still alive—(shame!)—and enjoy the fruits of the unceasing toil of the starving workers. Of the twelve of our number selected to rid the earth of these monsters, seven are still living. (Why?) These seven were able to satisfy the committee that they had been asked to achieve the impossible. The remaining five met the fate they so richly deserved, and have either died or disappeared. (Hear, hear!) To-night it will be our solemn duty to select twelve scourges of mankind and sentence them to death. Then will come the all-important drawing of lots for the honour of carrying out the death sentence in each case. For the benefit of those of you who may have joined us since our last meeting, I must detail our method of procedure. Twelve plutocrats are chosen, one to be slain every month. The twelve members' numbers are drawn, and are scrutinised by the Committee of Three. Only the name and number of the comrade chosen to slay the first plutocrat in the first month are made known. The remaining eleven are acquainted month by month as their time comes. We find this plan the best, as comrades chosen to slay in the later months are apt to become restless before the time arrives. (Sympathetic applause.)

Jim took the whole of the proceedings in with an inward grin of amusement. The chairman's opening speech, with its hopeless confession of futility, had early shown him with what particular genus of Anarchist he was associating. He had known societies in New York just as banal, just as ambitious in their programmes, and just as ridiculous in their results. The men sitting round were no more Anarchists than the king-hating maniacs in the public asylums. The idea had obsessed them, and they loved to play with it.

At least an hour was devoted to inflammatory speeches, some of them in foreign languages. Jim was just beginning to tire of the whole foolish business, when to his intense amusement and relief a little bullet-headed man proceeded to earnestly recommend to the Committee's kind attention no less a person than the notorious American millionaire, Mr. James Swift Paterson.

In five minutes, Jim found his character torn to shreds. He was a "poisonous drone," leading a life of evil luxury on money which had cost blood and tears. He had led a wicked life in his youth, and was in London leading a worse. Justice demanded that he should die.

When the bullet-headed man subsided, Jim moved his seat, and joined Hyacinth. The chairman signalled that the speeches must now stop. Slips of paper were handed round, and each was invited to write down the name of the plutocrat that above all others he considered deserving of sentence. Jim put down the name of a bar-tender who had once sold him three brown-paper cigars for fifteen cents, and Hyacinth, after a little pencil-biting, decided on the composer of "Love me, and the world is lost."

"Will you now, comrades, write on the second slip your official numbers as members of the branch."

"You're nine—four—o—four," whispered Jim to Hyacinth, adding three on the same figure for himself.

Both sets of slips were duly collected, and in a solemn silence the draw began.

Five minutes later it was announced that the fortunate comrade to whom had fallen the honour of striking the first blow in the first month owned the number 9404.

"Will Number 9404 kindly stand up?" asked the chairman. Hyacinth rose, and was received with hearty applause. His mouth twitched a little, and he distinctly winked at Jim, who had suddenly found it necessary to tie up his boot.

"It is my duty to inform you," said the red-haired man, "that it has fallen to your lot to be the agent for removing from the earth that pestilential American millionaire, Mr. James Swift Paterson."

Jim smothered a laugh, and broke into a violent fit of coughing.

"Will you kindly step forward to the table and sign this document?" said the polite ruffian of the red hair. Hyacinth did so, describing himself as Jules Charpier.

"Jules Charpier," said the chairman, in solemn tones, "you have been chosen, and have duly signed an undertaking to slay one, James Swift Paterson. In a month's time from now, at twelve o'clock midnight on the 15th of April, I summon you to appear before the Committee of the Thumb and Elbow Branch, if you are alive, to report on what you have done. If you fail in the work you have undertaken, death at the hands of your fellow-members will be your lot, unless you are able to satisfy the Committee that you were set an impossible task. I wish you God-speed, and, for a month, farewell."

Every man in the room shook hands with Hyacinth, especially Jim. Then in twos and threes the men

(Continued on page 404)

The Emptiness of London in August

An artist, who uses of an evening an Embankment tram, is unable to agree that London is as empty in August as the Society reporters allege

BY ARTHUR WATTS

(Continued from page 402)

departed, all bestowing a fervent word of encouragement on Hyacinth.

That night Jim piled up a roaring fire in his sitting-room, and mixed hot whisky and water.

"How many lumps of sugar, No. 9404?" he enquired jocularly of Hyacinth.

Hyacinth did not smile, but sat down by the fire and changed his boots for slippers. Then, resting his chin on his hand, he turned his large mournful eyes on Jim.

"The 15th of April," he said, musingly. "How curious that it should fall on that day, Mr. Paterson, the anniversary of your birth."

"Good enough for a paragraph, ain't it, Hy.? I had a cousin once who had his horoscope cast by an imitation Asian wizard in a seashore tent. He presented him with the 4th of July as the date of his death, and every Independence Day that poor creature used to stay in bed and put in his time readin' the Scriptures like mad while all the decent American citizens were lettin' off fireworks and pushin' their friends off the sidewalk."

"I believe you will meet it smiling. Death can win no victory over you."

"Why, Hy., I guess I'm not goin' to add to the laundry bill in the matter of handkerchiefs or tie a crape band round my head-wear just because a lot of batty Anarchists get playin' at pickin' names out of a biscuit-tin."

"I don't think you quite realise the gravity of to-night's proceedings."

"Hy., I don't. Don't say you've got your head turned, or I shan't take you to the Christmas pantomime this year. You can ease your heart, if you like, with an epic poem, but don't start bleatin' to me about the gravity of the mushy procedin's of a gang of sparrow-hearted purse-snatchers."

"A solemn oath has been taken, a solemn agreement signed. Have you so paltry a sense of honour as to suggest that that agreement should be violated?"

Jim sat up and stared at Hyacinth in amazement. He opened his mouth to speak, then thought better of it, and flung the hassock at his private secretary's head.

Hyacinth ducked adroitly, and the missile knocked the nose off an already badly battered statue of a woodland nymph.

"Choky atmosphere sort of upset your stomach, hasn't it, Hy.? You want a taste of the rest cure."

"How can you be so disgustingly frivolous," demanded Hyacinth, rising to his feet with flashing eyes.

"Oh, shucks! You make me tired. Go to bed."

Hyacinth swung on his heel and walked with dignity out of the room.

Outside in the passage a broad grin spread across his poetic features. He went into his bedroom and locked the door. When he had switched on the light he dropped into an easy chair and lit his pipe. Continually he smiled. Then he began to chuckle audibly, and finally had to stuff his handkerchief in his mouth to smother a temptation to roar with laughter.

It was Hyacinth's day at last. He had a genuine affection and respect for his master, but too often had he been a butt for his wit and chaff not to enjoy the chance of turning the tables. Mr. James Swift Paterson had presented his secretary with a golden opportunity for an imaginative man.

Jim was in a bad temper at breakfast on the following morning. He did not reply to Hyacinth's "Good morning," and ate his meal savagely. His private secretary's mouth was set in a sad, inscrutable smile.

"I wonder," said Hyacinth suddenly, "if I should continue in your service, take your money, and eat your bread?"

"You can make yourself sick eatin' the furniture, f'rall I care."

"I don't forget what I owe to you. I am, indeed, deeply grieved that it has fallen to my lot to end your terrestrial sojourn, and I am anxious to consult your wishes entirely in the matter. Your exact manner of death, your——"

"Hy., believe me, you ain't cut for a circus clown. If you're thinkin' of trainin' on for the job, please practice your funny wheezes on someone else. I'm not askin' to be amused."

Jim put on his hat and went angrily out.

The days of the fateful month passed slowly for Jim. Hyacinth refused to discuss any other topic but that of his employer's approaching death, and worried and harried Jim into many an explosive fury. Then, on the 12th of April, an event happened that had a very important bearing on the affair. Hyacinth was followed and addressed by "Yellow-Fang" in the street.

The unprepossessing ruffian was most anxious to know how comrade No. 9404 was progressing. He had noted with considerable satisfaction that the intrepid comrade had somehow obtained service with his future victim. Surely 9404 had now as many opportunities as he wanted.

Hyacinth was considerably startled by this unexpected interview. He had sufficient presence of mind to invent a story as to how he had obtained employment with the doomed millionaire, and he promised "Yellow-Fang" that, all in good time, London would ring with the news of a great blow struck for the cause of the people. "Yellow-Fang" appeared highly elated, but he thought that the sooner the job was done the better. He kindly volunteered some advice to Hyacinth as to how he might afterwards escape the clutches of the police.

Very reluctantly Hyacinth reported the meeting to Jim. It meant the end of his fun, and, worst of all, it involved an appeal to Jim as to how the tables were to be turned on the objectionable gang, who obviously thought that they had caught a fool willing to do their bidding at last.

Jim for a time was very surly. But after a chat with one of his old New York intimates, Mr. Sam Suttle, he began to see the joke, and thereafter regarded his secretary in a new light.

"I always looked on you, Hy.," he remarked the day before the fatal 15th, "as a bit of a soft guy, but, by josh! you've had the grin of me fair in this act. This is what comes of lettin' a poet associate with a near-sport."

"Well, Mr. Paterson, I thought you would not grudge me my fun. The point is now—what are we going to do about to-morrow night?"

"That's your concern, young fellow. You'll have to turn up in the cellar at 12 sharp and explain carefully how it came about that you were asked to achieve the impossible."

"But what on earth can I say? They know that I have had a thousand opportunities."

(Continued on page 406)

LATEST SYSTEMS OF LIGHTING

By Electricity, Petrol-Gas, or Acetylene.

PETROL-GAS PLANT CAN BE SEEN WORKING AT LONDON AND MANCHESTER OFFICES

ECCLESHALL CASTLE

The property of G. W. Carter, Esq., where we have recently installed a Complete Electric Light Installation under our latest systems.

The firm's special system of Electric Lighting is recommended where immunity from fire risks is the chief consideration.

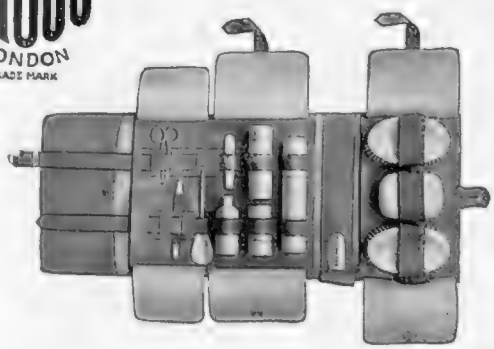
DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.

(ESTABLISHED 1886.)

LONDON - - 66B, Victoria Street, S.W.
MANCHESTER - 47B, Spring Gardens.
GLASGOW - - 50B, Wellington Street.
Telegraphic Address: "Accumulator, Sowest, London."

MARK CROSS LONDON TRADE MARK

Let us explain the important features of this convenient roll-style Toilet Case



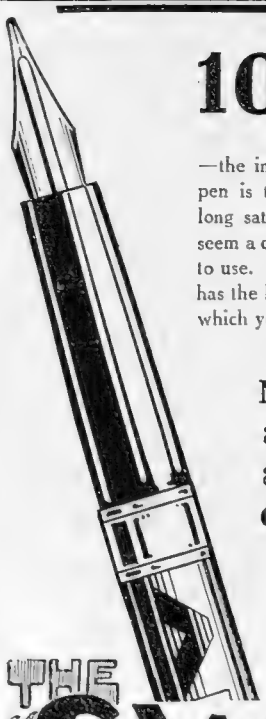
Should any fitting be omitted when travelling, the loop may be pulled flat, and the limp case rolled to just the size of the fittings carried. The loops for the articles, being formed by a running strap, are adjustable to various sizes of toilet fittings.

Case only of finest pigskin. *To take your own fittings.* Price **37/6**

Case complete with ivory-grain fittings, as follows—2 brushes, soap-box, tooth and nail brush roll, fitted shaving-brush roll, shaving-soap roll, tooth-powder jar, comb, and knife, scissors, nail-file, combined shoe-lift and button-hook. Price **62/6**

MARK CROSS Ltd,

89 Regent Street, London W



10/6 or more

—the initial cost of a "Swan" Fountpen is trifling compared with the lifelong satisfaction it affords. It may not seem a cheap-to-buy pen, but it is cheap to use. It outlasts all others because it has the hardest, smoothest writing point which years of writing do not touch.

No one can use a "Swan" and afterwards dispense with it

Be sure YOU get

THE "SWAN"

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Free Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 and 80, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

(Continued from page 404)

Jim bit the end off a cigar, then another bit, and then a third. He shut one eye and surveyed Hyacinth with the other.

"I reckon there'd be no objection to your bringing a witness to support your explanation."

"Hardly. They would probably welcome a witness, indeed, if he were a member of the Branch."

"I'm a member, Hy. I'll be your witness." Jim got up chuckling, put on his hat, and went out to confer with Mr. Sam Suttle.

. . . . . .

In the cellar of the little tavern, at 12 o'clock midnight on the 15th of April, sat twelve men. "Yellow-Fang" was there and the red-haired chairman. The others had all been present on the occasion of the bigger meeting a month before. Some of them smoked cigarettes, but there was little conversation. Nearly all sat with their faces turned towards the door.

At a minute past the hour the door was gently pushed open. Hyacinth stepped forward out of the gloom into the light given by the one oil lamp which stood on the table.

"Are you Jules Charpier?" asked the chairman.

"I am that unhappy man," said Hyacinth nervously.

"And who comes with you?"

"A fellow-member of our honourable craft to bear witness that the great charge placed in my hands was beyond my poor powers."

"Be seated, both of you." "Yellow-Fang" and two or three others bestowed a nod of recognition on Jim, who took a seat on a barrel outside a circle of light. Hyacinth sat on a chair facing the red-haired chairman.

A man went to the door and carefully bolted it. Jim kindly helped him, and supplied the final touches after the man had resumed his seat.

"Jules Charpier," began the chairman, "I summon you to explain why you have failed to do to death one, James Swift Paterson."

"Comrades of the Thumb and Elbow Branch," began Hyacinth, "since I left this room a month ago I have worked unceasingly to carry out my honourable mission. It may be known to you that I actually succeeded in obtaining employment with the plutocrat you had sentenced. I obtained his confidence. At all hours of the day I was within easy range of his person, but yet I was unable to strike the great blow."

"Proceed, comrade," said the chairman, icily, as Hyacinth showed a disposition to falter.

"The reason for what must strike you as a very amazing hesitation can only be supplied by the comrade I have brought with me to-night."

Everyone turned towards Jim, who promptly rose to his feet.

"It's a short story," began Jim. "Jules is an old chum of mine, and we've seen a lot of each other in the past month. Now, while he was workin' the assassination act and going real strong in the direction of diggin' Mr. Paterson's grave, some very exclusive information came to my ears. It was passed to me that nothing more nor less than a Plutocrat's Society was being formed on very red-hot lines. In short, I got to know that the scourges of the earth we were handin' out the sentence to had decided to run a secret society of their own and fight us on our own lines."

A gasp of incredulity went up from the assembled Anarchists.

"Most important of all, I got to know that the ring-leader of the pretty plot was Mr. James Swift Paterson himself. I pass the word to Jules, and get him to keep his eyes skinned to get confirmation. I regret to tell you, comrades, that he found overwhelming evidence of the existence of this society, and amongst the papers he got his eyes on was a complete list of the names and descriptions of the members of the Thumb and Elbow Branch."

The sensation this caused in the room nearly made Jim laugh. He held up his hand to still the noisy cries it provoked.

"There's one further bit of news that I guess I must pass into the chairman's ear alone."

Jim walked round to the back of the table, and bent over the chairman. He had both hands in his jacket pockets.

"It ain't much, Rufus, but it's very important," he said, grinning at the puzzled ruffian with the red hair. "It's just this. The Committee of the Thumb and Elbow Branch at this moment are under the guns of the rival club."

He clapped a revolver to the chairman's ear, and with his other hand pressed the button of a powerful pocket electric lamp.

A grating chuckle came from the far end of the room. There, blinking slightly in the powerful light, stood Sam Suttle and five more big men, each with a couple of revolvers levelled. Every Anarchist in the room was covered.

"The first guy that twitches an eye-lid," said Jim, slowly and distinctly, "gets punctured. Hyacinth, walk round and collect the enemy's small arms."

Grinning delightedly, Hyacinth went from man to man, and relieved them of their weapons. Hardly one of them had the heart to curse. Their faces were whiter than their shirts.

"Now fall in against that wall, every scut of you, and don't let's have any grumbling."

Trembling with rage, "Yellow-Fang," the chairman, and the rest of them lined up along the cellar wall.

Sam Suttle handed his revolvers to Hyacinth and went out of the cellar, returning in a moment with a large camera.

By the light of magnesium wire, Jim took three photographs of the disgusted Anarchists, Sam afterwards joyfully taking their finger prints.

"Now, comrades," said Jim, "I'm going to kick you out. I don't like you a little bit, and if ever I should meet you again, I guess I've got all the right means of identification. But before you go, I've got a little surprise for you to take home to your wives and children. See here," cried Jim, snatching off his wig and moustache, "the next time you go out to put salt on J. Swift Paterson's tail, leave him off the selection committee. I guess you're about the battiest lot of plot-planners outside a Newark girl's boardin'-school. I don't want to dishearten you, Rufus, and you, my yaller friend, but seems to me chicken-farmin's a far better stunt for your brains than millionaire-murderin'. Now git."

The Committee of the "Thumb and Elbow Branch" "got."

And an hour later, Jim, Hyacinth, Sam, and his trusty five walked down Shaftesbury Avenue arm in arm singing "The Star Spangled Banner!"

Basil Macdonald Hastings

D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd.

. . NEW . .

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

AN INEXPENSIVE COUNTRY HAT

IN TWO-TONED FELT.

BLACK & VIOLET	BLACK & NAVY
BLACK & CERISE	BLACK & GREY
BLACK & SAXE	BLACK & CINNAMON
BLACK & PUTTY	ALSO IN ALL BLACK

PRICE **5/11**

290 to 320, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Bond Street nearest Tube Station.)

The graceful ease of a figure free from a superabundance of fat is well exemplified in the illustration.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY.

Dr. DESCHAMP'S IODHYRINE

is a rational and scientific method of flesh reduction approved by Doctors throughout the Continent, and by official tests in French Hospitals (see Booklet).

Iodhyrine does not cause a flabby condition of the skin after reduction is obtained.

Iodhyrine can be obtained in bottles containing 60 cachets (sufficient for a month's treatment) from—

Roberts and Co, 76, New Bond Street, Army and Navy Stores, Ltd. (London and India), Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Selfridge, Ltd., John Barker and Co., Ltd., Harrods, Ltd., Heppell's Chemists, or Lewis and Burrows, Ltd.

An interesting Booklet on Obesity is sent gratis by Dr. Deschamp's Laboratories, 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, England.

A Genuine Holiday Enjoyment.

FEW Holiday Comforts can compare with that of a *Soothing, Balmy, Skin-refreshing Toilet Soap*---one that will keep the skin in *Perfect Condition* whatever weather comes---whether it be hot or cold, sunny or cloudy, wet or dry. Such a soap is

"Pears'"

which both protects and beautifies, being of such an exquisite emollient character that it promotes the full natural action of the pores and imparts to the skin surface the pink and white of a perfect complexion.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL as well as THE BEST.

BETTER FAR THAN POLITICS?

Sir George Kemp, whose recent resignation from Parliament was the prelude to a brilliant Unionist victory in N.W. Manchester, entertaining a shooting party on the moors above Walla Crag, Derwentwater. Sir George is seen apparently pointing to the bag

The Delights of August Shooting

I CANNOT but feel how much pleasure many people miss in not being fond of sport, and particularly in missing the chance of joining shooting-parties in August on the moors. Doubtless these have compensating joys, and are able to find enjoyment in their own individual ways, for it is certain we cannot all think alike. But to men, to whom sport is the very breath of the body, to flit away across the border, to wake up in a comfortable sleeping compartment of the now super-excellent corridor trains, to peep out of the corner of the carefully drawn blind as the conductor brings in a refreshing cup of tea, and to see a wide expanse of moorland or great towering hills with the morning sun just topping them, to feel the fine clear air of the North come invitingly through the open window, is to realise the first of the delights before one in the beginning of August.

THE GROUSE COMING OVER

A member of Sir George Kemp's shooting party at the butts

Enthusiasm Anew

One of the delights of August shooting is that it is the commencement once again of the season. We have laid aside our guns for some months, we have given this sport a rest, and so instead of getting "fed-up" with shooting as we undoubtedly should do if it continued all the year round, we take it up with fresh enthusiasm, and look forward to the opening days. This is one of the great charms, and this I am just now experiencing with a keenness even my mature years in no way diminishes. So long as one can keep up enthusiasm and keenness, so long as one refuses to become *blasé* with this world's good things, so long will one retain good spirits and keep young in spite of almost any number of years.

Plenty of Birds and Weather

Those who have waded through the accounts in the papers of the opening days on the moors are aware that we had samples of all sorts of weather. In some places frost, in others mist, rain, sunshine, dullness, bracing breezes, and anything else you like to think of. What more can one want? There are plenty of birds everywhere, and I am of opinion that unless moors are shot very hard early in the season, owners will find they will not get the record bags we hear so much about. The birds are very forward and strong on the wing, and the unsettled weather lately has made them wild, with the result that they will very soon be as hard to hit as they are in October. This is not conducive to records, though as regards sport it should be of the best to those who enjoy difficult shooting rather than potting at "sitters" over dogs. A good many moors are still "walked," at any rate, early in the season, but this system entails parties subdividing into parties of two guns and working with dogs. Birds in this way are easy enough to hit, and I myself, with one other companion, have often shot over 100 brace in a day over dogs. Walking over heather is, however, terribly trying work at first, especially to those not yet in full training for it.

For Worries and Sickness

So I find that butts suit my style of complaint best now, and even getting up to some of these often takes a lot of doing and makes one blow and gasp like a grampus. But once there, and your breath regained, the weather nice and clear, and the wind blowing right, birds coming steadily, and one finds oneself holding straight—hey ho! life is then to me at its best, and troubles, cares, ailments, and sorrows can go hang, for I wouldn't change places just then with anybody, not even the greatest potentate in the world. Sport, in my opinion, is the greatest panacea for all worries and sickness; it is the best way to broaden the mind, to clear the brain, and encourage appetite.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

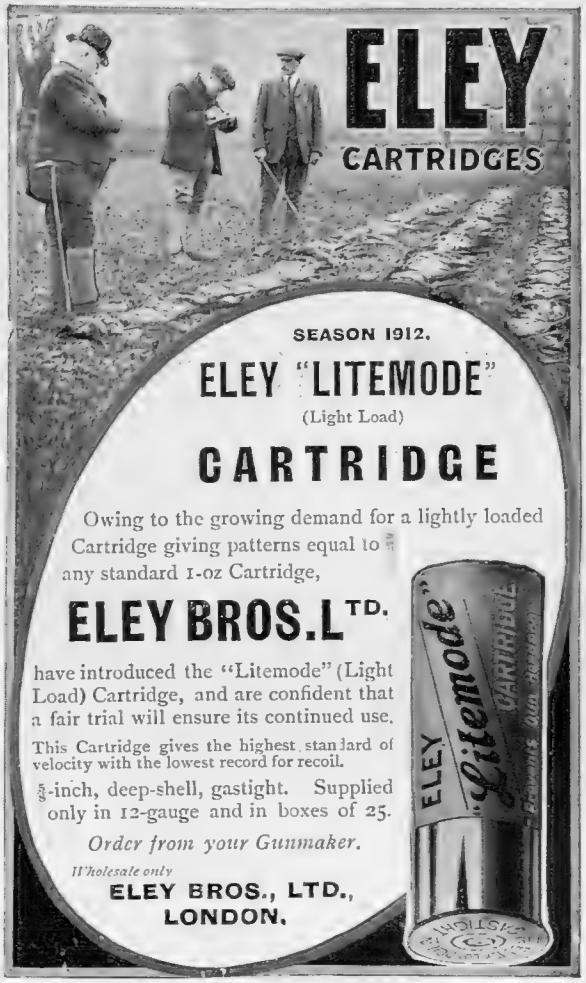
THIS year should be a record game year all round. Reports from the great shoots all over the country tell of wonderful prospects. And this will be "Empire" year—a record year for

"IMPROVED EMPIRE"

the standard smokeless nitro-powder which has set the fashion in sporting powders. All the great game shots are shooting with "Improved Empire" this season.

Order from your Gunmaker NOW.

NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVES Co. LTD
GLASGOW and LONDON



E.C. SMOKELESS SPORTING POWDER.

FIRST AND QUICKEST.

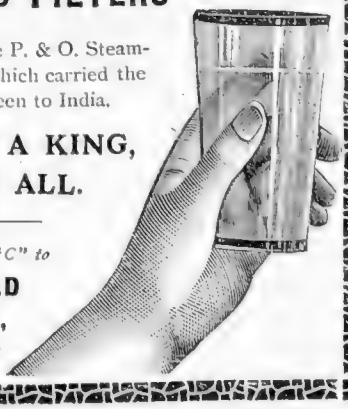
THE "E.C." POWDER CO., LTD.,
20, BUCKLERSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

BERKEFELD FILTERS

were fitted on the P. & O. Steamship "Medina," which carried the King and Queen to India.

IF FIT FOR A KING, FIT FOR ALL.

Write for Catalogue "C" to
THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.,
121, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.



Photograph *Montague Dixon*

THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW COODEN BEACH LINKS AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA

At the open amateur meeting recently held on this course, which owes its inception to Earl de la Warr, the scratch prize was won by Mr. R. A. Gardner, of Illinois, the American Champion of 1909

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur International Match

Writing in "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" at the commencement of the year I prophesied that the change in the form of the Amateur International Match would "either renew its early popularity or deal it a final death blow. Westward Ho! will show us which of these two results is to come about." No one who was at Westward Ho! when the match was played can have any doubt as to the answer to the question I propounded. The International Match, so far as any real interest in it is concerned, is as dead as a door-nail, and the sooner it disappears from the list of fixtures the better it will be for all concerned. It has long been in a moribund condition, and the attempt to revitalise it by changing it from singles into foursomes has been a dismal failure.

A Possible Alternative

The truth is that with rare exceptions, such as the 'Varsity match, golf does not lend itself well to team matches. The point we have, therefore, got to consider is whether we should abolish the International Match altogether, leaving nothing in its place, or whether we should replace it by something akin to it, but of real and live interest. There is much to be said for those who argue that at the time of the Championships no other fixture is wanted. Both the Amateur and Open Championships are now such arduous undertakings, alike for the competitors and for the officials, that an extra fixture just preceding them is out of place and superfluous. Personally, I long ago recognised that the admirable intentions of the Royal Liverpool Club in starting the match have not borne the fruits expected, and that both Amateur and Professional International Matches have been cumbering the ground uselessly for some years. I believe there would be a general sigh of relief if the edict were to go forth that no further matches should be played. There remains the question whether a substitute for them should be found. The only match of an international order that would arouse any interest would be one between a couple of representatives from either country. I can imagine an amateur match of intense interest between Messrs. John Ball and H. H. Hilton and Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison as representatives of England and Scotland. Such a match might occupy three days, the first day having two singles of thirty-six holes each, the second day a foursome of thirty-six holes, and the third day a further two singles, each match counting a point, the country winning the majority of points being the winner. Similarly a professional international match might be run on the same lines, taking, say, Braid and Duncan for Scotland and Ray and Vardon for England. But it is evident that such fixtures, if they ever come about, must be held at some other time than the Championships, for they would be sufficiently important to constitute separate meetings. Such matches would be supremely interesting. I would suggest alternate meetings at St. Andrews and Hoylake. A trophy would have to be given for this match, and commemorative medals for the winners. To play in such a match would be a great and coveted distinction, and would mark out the players as the best representatives of their country in a given year. The interest would be a concentrated one, not feeble as at present. There is this further recommendation in its favour that it might lead to international matches of the type of the Davis Cup competitions in lawn tennis, and if our authorities replaced the present international match by one of the type sketched out above our players would have early training by playing against one another in the manner indicated.

Three Deaths in the Golfing World

Death has taken toll of three well-known and popular figures in the golfing world. Mr. Robertson, unhappily, did not long survive the operation which it was hoped might prolong his valuable life. His loss will be deeply deplored throughout the ranks of golf. Colonel Kennard, who for many years had held the picturesque office of Field-Marshal of the Royal Blackheath Club, belonged to an earlier generation of golfers, the generation which inaugurated the Westward Ho! course. He was a fine and graceful player in his day, and had the gracious and courteous manners of the old school. His was a welcome figure on any course which he honoured with his presence. Mr. Ralph Clutton belonged to the old guard of the St. George's Club, and he will be sorely missed from its meetings. Though he never attained great proficiency in the game, his services to the Club in the council-chamber were invaluable, and no one excelled him in devotion to the best interests of the game and of the club with which he was mainly identified.

ERNEST LEHMANN

This is the Cork to Pull

Then the delicious contents will come creaming up the neck of the bottle, and a moment later the golden drink will be bubbling in the glasses.

Cool, refreshing, wholesome, there is no better drink than

"C & C"
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

Notice how the tiny bubbles leap up into the air and first, giving off the true fragrance of ginger. Mark, as you taste it, the brisk, exhilarating tingle. But mind the waiter pulls the right cork, and insist on the C. & C. label.

Order in a dozen from your grocer, wine merchant, or stores, but be sure its "C & C."

Made by CANTRELL & COCHRANE. Ltd. (Est. 1852)
Works: DUBLIN & BELFAST. Depots:—London, Liverpool & Glasgow.
London Office:—SAVOY HOUSE, 115, Strand, W.C. Telephone 4142 City.

As lively as a cricket!

—as every child should be, and as the Mellin-fed child invariably is. Because Mellin's Food, mixed as directed with cow's milk, offers just those life-giving principles which are present in mother's milk.

Mellin's Food contains no dried, cooked, or condensed milk.

Mellin's Food

Don't fret and worry if baby is 'backward, just give Mellin's Food a chance to prove its worth. A sample bottle will be sent for two 1d. stamps to cover postage. Also an Invaluable Book for Mothers sent free for an additional two 1d. stamps.
Mention this paper, and address:
Sample Dept., Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E.

'ABINGDON CORD SQUARES'
THE STRONGEST
CARPETS
FOR HARD WEAR.

(... in stock) **Being Reversible, they Outwear two Ordinary Carpets.**

... are the only Carpets which answer to modern requirements, being Hygienic, Decorative, Durable, and ... pensive. **Easy to Sweep. Do not collect Dust.** *Send for patterns.*

HERE ARE THE PRICES OF
THE ABINGDON CORD SQUARES,
Art Shades, Seamless, Reversible. Sizes:

2 by 2	2 by 2½	2 by 3	2½ by 2½	2½ by 3	2½ by 3½
6 9	8 6	10/-	10 6	12 6	15 9
2½ by 4	3 by 3	3 by 3½	3 by 4	3 by 4½	3½ by 3½
18 6	15/-	17 6	20/-	23/-	21 6
3½ by 4	3½ by 4½	3½ by 5	4 by 4	4 by 4½	4 by 5
23 6	27/-	31 6	27 6	30/-	33 6
4 by 6	4 by 7 yds.				
40/-	47 6 each.				

(Carriage Paid.)

Also made in all widths for Stairs, Landings, and Passages.

THE **ABINGDON CARPET MANFG. CO., Ltd.**
151, Thames Wharf,
ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

Every moment on a TRIUMPH CYCLE are moments of pleasure. On up-hills, flat and down grades the running is so smooth and easy that fatigue is not felt over long distances, and all the delights of Cycling can be enjoyed to the full.

The World-famed TRIUMPH MOTOR-CYCLES are made by the same firm.

CYCLES from £6 17s. 6d. to £12. MOTOR-CYCLES from £42 15s.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd. (Dept. R.), Coventry.
London. Leeds. Manchester. Glasgow. *Agents Everywhere.*

"SATURDAY" AUCTION BRIDGE
By HELLESPONT 3s. 6d. Net.
Of all Booksellers, or post free 3s. 10d.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO
"SATURDAY" BRIDGE
By W. DALTON 5s. Net.
Or post free, 5s. 4d.

10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Printed in Facsimile Colours, Mounted on Art Green Paper.
READY FOR FRAMING.
"THE INTRUDER"
BY NICHOLAS WALKER.
Size of Picture 9¼" by 6⅝".
Size of Mount 18" by 12".
PRICE 1s. 1d. POST FREE.
To be obtained from—
"The Graphic" Gallery, 190, Strand, W.C.

Peter's SWISS MILK Chocolate
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

RACING: Will Lomond Win the Leger?

BY CARBINE

A Question of Health

What of Lomond's chance in the St. Leger now? I must say that I was agreeably surprised at the performance of the colt at Kempton Park last week. I thought he would win, but was scarcely prepared for the electrifying style in which he accomplished his performance. After this I think the Doncaster St. Leger is merely a question of health for Lomond. Of course, that is a very important proviso, because the colt has only just recovered from a serious constitutional derangement, and at present he is by no means robust. I hear that after his race at Brighton he had a filled leg, which happily did not prove to be a serious trouble. It was significant, however, as showing that Lomond is by no means certain to survive his winding-up gallop for the St. Leger; and while I think he will win the last of the classic races, it will be as well for prudent admirers not to back him until nearer the day of the race. They may lose a point or two in the odds, but 6 to 4 about a certain starter is worth a 1,000 to 1 about a cripple.

Lomond's Prospective Opponents

Supposing Lomond is sound and well on the St. Leger day, as racegoers in general sincerely hope he will be, what is there in the race likely to make him gallop? Will Tagalie demonstrate that she is still a great power among the three-year-olds? There is no real reason why the grey filly should not prove as good as she was in the early summer, especially when it is remembered that September is proverbially the mares' month, as no doubt the racing writers will lose no opportunity of reminding us during the next few weeks. Still, however successful Tagalie may be in repeating her earlier form, I still consider that Lomond will beat her. Then there is Tracery, third in the Derby and unbeaten since then. He is unquestionably a high-class colt, and looks like being a strong second favourite. Other colts who are in the St. Leger picture are Sweeper II., who seems to stay better than was generally imagined; Hector, a much-improved three-year-old; and Maiden Erlegh, who is regarded as the best outsider in the race. Altogether, it bids fair to be a struggle worthy of the traditions of the St. Leger, and one which will repay a long journey to Doncaster.

Selections

For the next few weeks the racing interest will be in the North. At Stockton this week there is an attractive programme. On Wednesday the Hardwicke Stakes may be won by **Great Sport**, and the Stewards' Handicap by **Marco Bozzaris**. For the Durham County Produce Stakes on the following day I fancy **Aprille**, and **Fly by Night** should secure the Elton Plate. At Hurst Park on Friday the Hurst Stakes may go to **Jesmond**. On the second day the Champion Sprint Handicap will be as interesting as usual, and I have a fancy for **Minehead**. On the same afternoon **Oiseau Bleu** may secure the Lennox Plate.

GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The most Advantageous Terms of any Reliable Turf Accountancy Extant—(Vide Press)

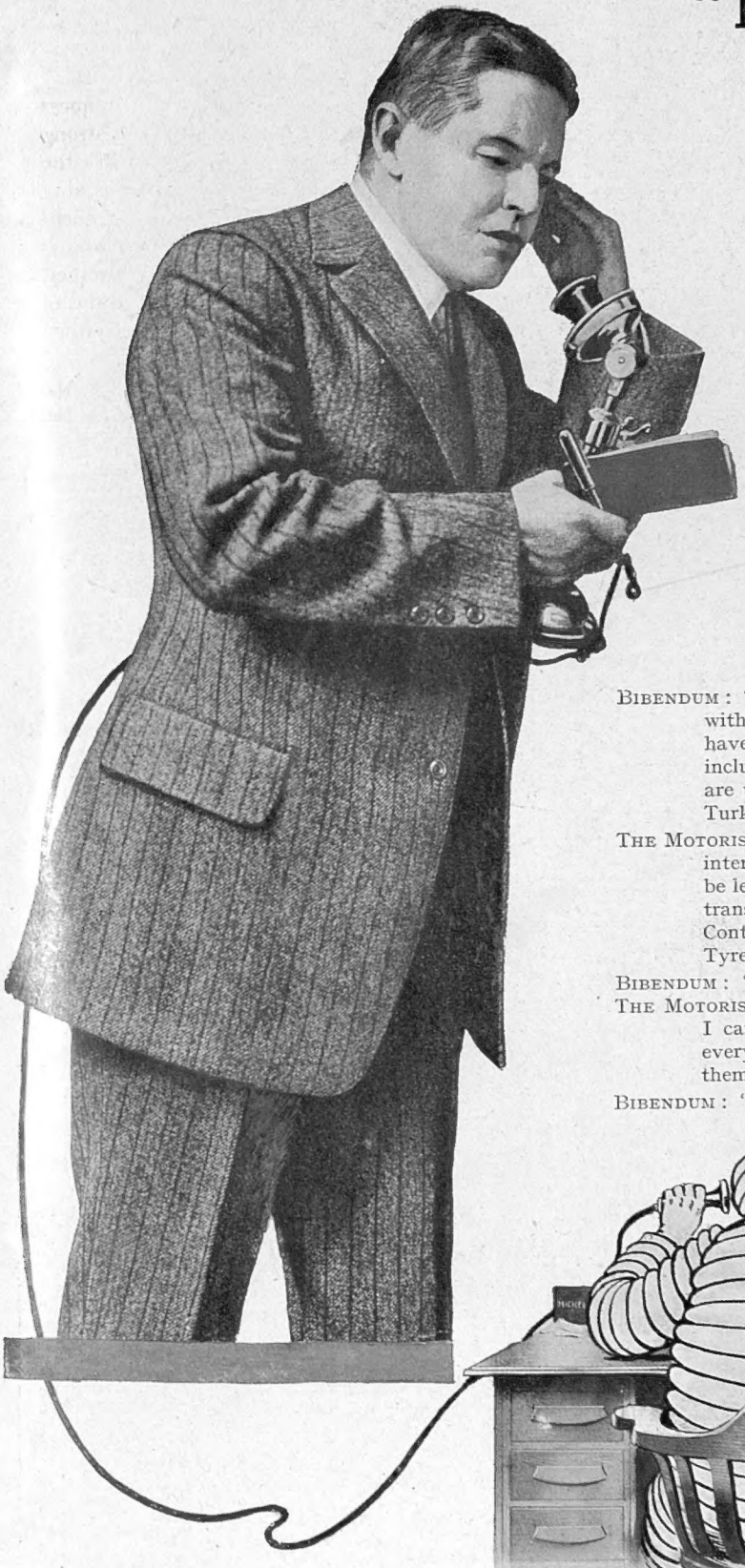
£50,000 Guaranteed DEPOSIT at Bankers for this particular business.

(CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY.)

Write giving particulars of your requirements to

DANIEL M.
GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Overheard by the "Hello" Girl.



BIBENDUM: "Yes, I'm Bibendum.'

THE MOTORIST: "I say, old man, I've rung up to tell you I have just been for a run on my friend's heavy limousine, which is fitted with your Twin Tyres. As you know, I've always been a pretty keen Michelin man, but these Twin Wheels have fairly captured me."

BIBENDUM: "I'm glad to hear you are favourably impressed——"

THE MOTORIST (*breaking in enthusiastically*): "Favourably impressed is too mild; the Michelin Twins are just IT. My friend tells me that his tyre bill has been reduced by nearly one half since he has adopted them. (Oh, confound you, get off the line, will you?—No, Miss, don't cut me off—I really must write Mr. Samuel and congratulate him on the vast improvement (?) of the telephone service)."

BIBENDUM: "Well, why don't you let us fit your car with Twin Tyres? Several thousand cars have already been fitted with our Twins, including 200 lorries, which the Italian Army are using for transport work in the war with Turkey."

THE MOTORIST: "I was going to tell you, when we were interrupted by some blithering idiot, that I shall be leaving my car next week to have the wheels transformed to Twins before I start for the Continent. In the meantime, send me a Twin Tyre Booklet, will you?"

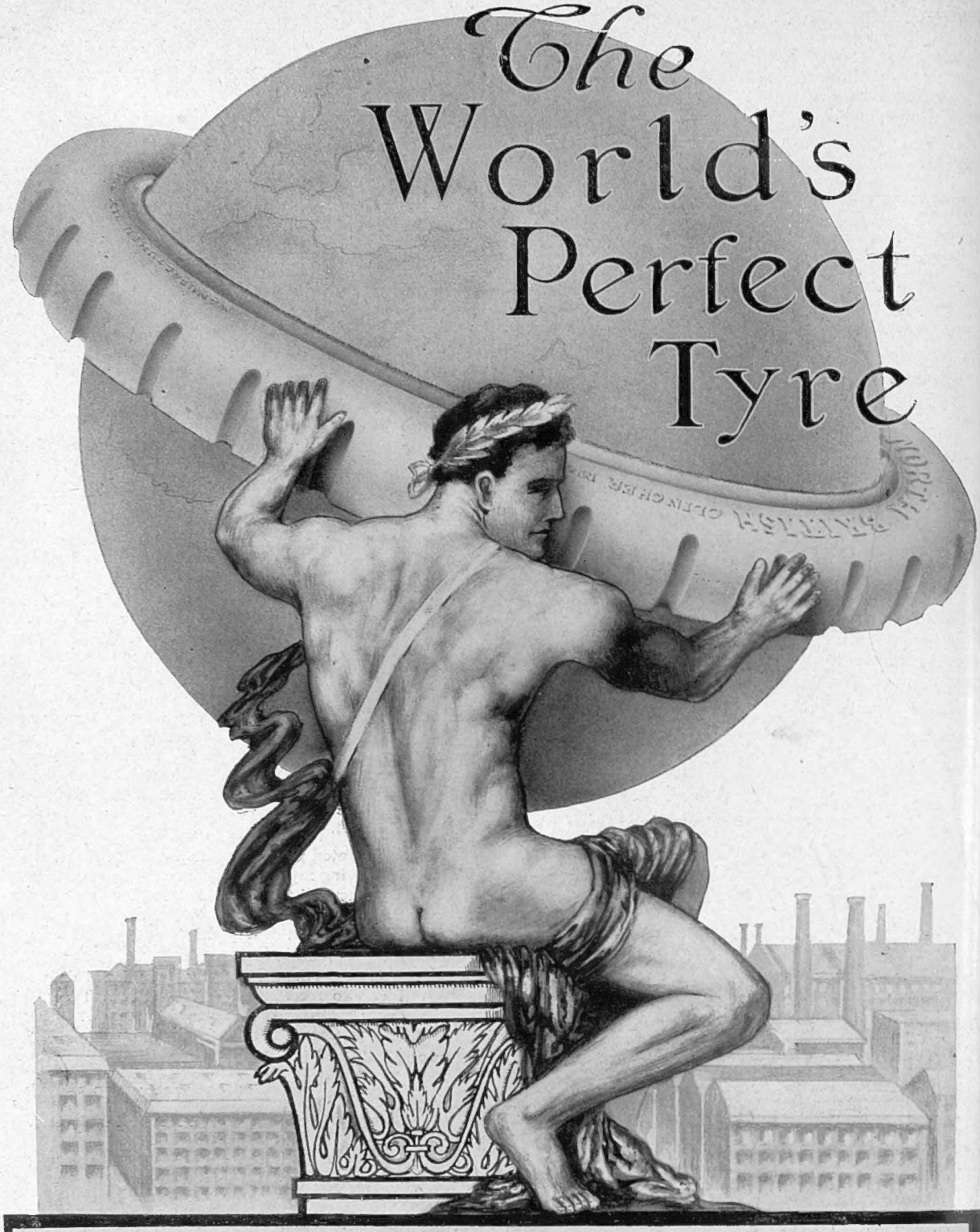
BIBENDUM: "Certainly."

THE MOTORIST: "Thanks, and in return I will do what I can to recommend Michelin Twin Tyres, for every motorist with a heavy car ought to have them. Good-bye!"

BIBENDUM: "Good-bye."

MICHELIN TYRE Co., Ld.,
81, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.

The World's Perfect Tyre



North British CLINCHER Motor Tyres

"The Tyre that is Superior"

Telephones: Gerrard 8578. Gerrard 8579.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO, LTD.,
Tyre Sales Department:—
CLINCHER HOUSE, Great Portland Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Nobritire, London."

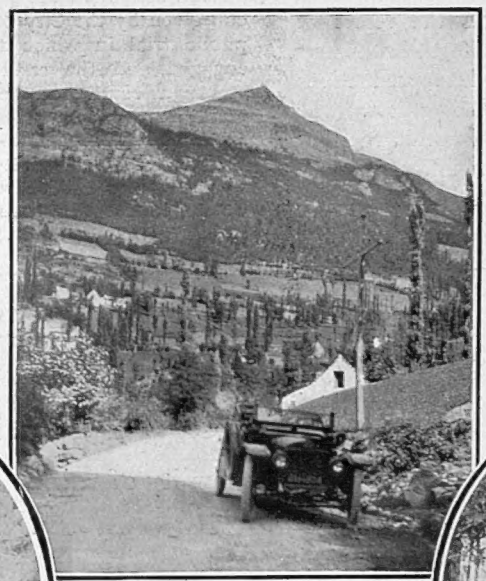
Sole Licensees for the THOMAS Resilient Tyre. Prices on Application.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

"Empty London"

An empty London, is it? Perhaps. But the man who thinks to avoid traffic tangles upon the strength of newspaper reports concerning an empty London is like to have his faith in his pet journal violently shaken, and his driving skill severely tested. West of Piccadilly Circus the character of the traffic has changed somewhat, but the town vehicle, in defiance of convention, is still strongly in evidence. Certainly a large number of cars are concentrated about moorlands and other places where one shoots, and again, a large number are scattered about the roads of the United Kingdom and the Continent, but their absence makes no very material change in the volume of metropolitan motoring. The only change is in the *personnel* of the motorists. The Londoner, tired by the stresses of Town, goes out to recuperate. The provincial and Continental visitor on holiday comes in for recreation, stays a little while, and passes on. Any Sunday during the height of the season there is a greater hiatus than any other day after the season's close can show. The empty-London idea, even from a motoring standpoint, is a fraud. Indeed, as the rest of this issue of THE BYSTANDER proves, London is not at all a bad place to spend a holiday in. The essence of holiday being change, London is better qualified to supply it than most other places in the world.



A View on the Gavarnie Road with the Pic Campbieil in the background

In the Gorge of Pierre Lys

At the Spanish Customs House at Lès

THREE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE PASSES OF THE PYRENEES" (See page 416)

Testing a Car

It was rather a good idea in its way to ask the Editor to do the testing, and, as it happened to fit in with his arrangements, he did it. I was awa', and deprived of an opportunity I would rather not have missed, because if there is one car in the fifteen class upon which I can absolutely rely to give me comfortable experiences every time it is the Straker-Squire. That is not bias nor the interested view. It is the product of much road-running. But it occurred to me that here was the opportunity of getting confirmation or refutation of my own view from sources altogether dissociated from the atmosphere in which a motoring writer, constantly in workshop and showroom, must necessarily move. Wherefore the Straker-Squire went down the vale and up the hill on a day's journeying, with critics aboard possessed of no more than the ordinary private owner's technical outfit, splendidly indifferent, their personal comfort apart, whether the car did well or ill, and most cheerfully careless whether their view pleased or displeased.

Complete Satisfaction

It is something in these last days to be certain of the whole truth. It is not a reflection upon any motoring writer to say that many of them are suspect; but there *is* an idea abroad that some give the interested opinion. As to that I have here no warrant to speak except for myself; and I do not imagine my dearest enemy would include my name in any such category. That by the way. Consider me also suspect for the purposes of this act, and then observe whether my minor eulogy of the Straker-Squire as I know it from the driving-seat is traversed or accepted by the private owner mind travelling as passenger. Reduced to a phrase or two the opinion is—an excellent car; for so small a power something of a revelation. Smooth in running, very comfortably sprung, and with a fine turn of

speed. It was easily equal to any hill found in Kent, travelled quietly in traffic, could move at a walking pace without a sound (top speed), and picked up very quickly. The coachwork was all we desired; nothing ostentatious about it, but everything well devised for passenger's ease. I should say the car was a very sound and satisfactory vehicle, and in its class not to be beaten. To which there is occasion to add exactly—nothing.

Motoring in the Pyrenees

Mr. C. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., the author of "The High Roads of the Alps," in his latest book, "The Passes of the Pyrenees" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.: 10*s.* 6*d.*), has given us an excellent pioneer work on a comparatively new district for motorists. Little or nothing has ever been published about the mountain roads of the Pyrenees, and the author has addressed himself accordingly to the task of exploring thoroughly every available route in this picturesque, but too little known, territory. As he had anticipated, he found that very much more was practicable in the way of road-touring than had ever been suggested, much less described, and the result of his experiences will be found fully set forth in the new volume, which is liberally illustrated with reproductions of photographs, taken mostly by the author. The work forms a practical guide to the mountain roads of the Franco-Spanish Frontier. Full information is given as to itineraries, altitudes, and gradients, and the text of this pioneer work is arranged on the same practical lines as "The High-Roads of the Alps," now universally recognised as the standard authority on the subject.

In Compression

The Minerva team of three which went through the Grand Prix of Belgium without losing a single point were on Dunlop detachable wire wheels, and none other. This in flat contradiction of false reports already published—but *not* in THE BYSTANDER. If anybody can afford to lose credit Dunlops, of the large reserve, can. But there is no reason why they should. Hence this further acknowledgment of the widely and properly acclaimed virtues of Dunlop detachable wire wheels.

The extraordinary success of the R.A.C. trial of the Cadillac self-starting system has naturally aroused a gratifying volume of public interest. It very definitely sets a seal upon the doom of the starting-handle, and when, in a year or two from now, that primitive mode of starting the engine is as extinct as the Dodo, Messrs. F. S. Bennett, Ltd., can take the flattering unction to their souls that their test and their enterprise very largely wrought the revolution.

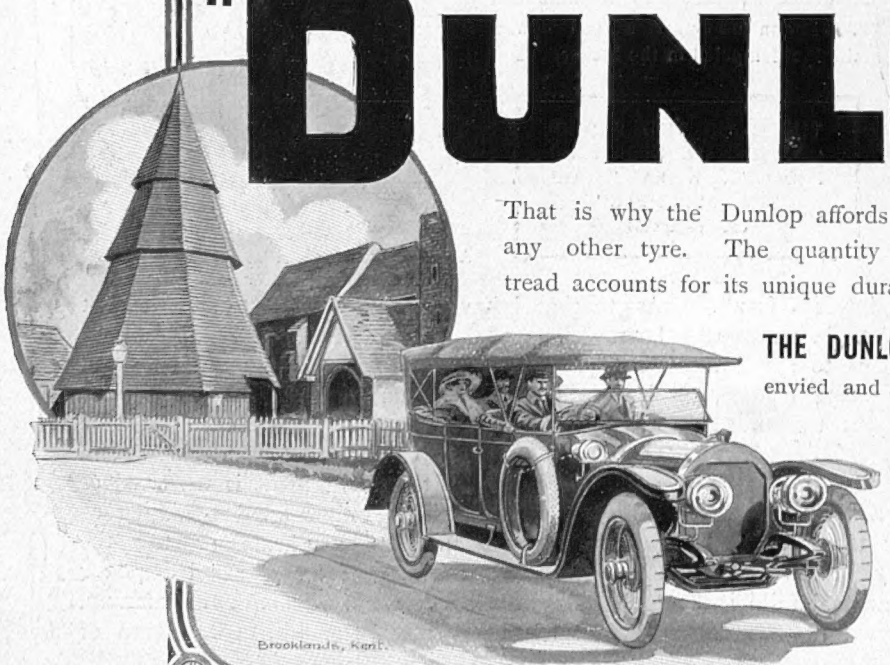
In the recent race through St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Kief, Moscow, a distance of 3,200 kilometres, Signor Rietti, on a 35 h.-p. rotary valve Itala, fitted with Michelin tyres, arrived second in the general classification, and won the cup given by the City of Moscow. This is the first great public trial in which the rotary-valve Itala has been engaged, and the result is evidence that even under strenuous conditions the claims for this valve system are justified.

If you require a Rolls-Royce car, purchase from Jarrott, Ltd. who can give prompt delivery of chassis or complete cars. Mr. Chas. Jarrott will be pleased to place his new car at your disposal for trial.—JARROTT, LTD., 35, Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.

MAKE MOTORING SUMPTUOUS.

Tyre resilience depends upon quality of rubber. The highest standard — THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF QUALITY — is

"DUNLOP"



That is why the Dunlop affords more delightful travel than any other tyre. The quantity of rubber on the Dunlop tread accounts for its unique durability.

THE DUNLOP IS JUST THE DUNLOP

envied and imitated—but never equalled.

Dunlop tyres give still more satisfactory and economical results if used in conjunction with Dunlop detachable wire wheels.

Dunlop catalogue, post free.

The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 14, Regent St., London, S.W.

Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.